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"WELL, I'D HAD HIS ODDER EAR OFF IF THE COP HADN'T SNATCHED ME."

—Frontispiece

"CHIMMIE FADDEN"

MAJOR MAX

And Other Stories

BY *Atelium*

EDWARD W. TOWNSEND

AUTHOR OF

"THE GATES FAMILY MYSTERY," AND OTHER STORIES

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NOTE.

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“The New Editor,” included in this volume, has not before been published.

THE AUTHOR.

CHIMMIE FADDEN MAKES FRIENDS.

“SAY, I’m a dead easy winner to-day. See?

It’s a fiver, sure ‘nough. Say, I could give Jay Gould weight fer age an’ lose ‘im in a walk as a winner. See? How’d I collar it? Square. See? Dead square, an’ easy. Want it fer a story? Why, sure.

“Say, you know me. When I useter sell poipers, wasn’t I a scrapper? Dat’s right, ain’t it? Was dere a kid on Park Row I didn’t do? Sure. Well, say, dis mornin’ I seed a loidy I know crossin’ de Bow’ry. See? Say, she’s a torrowbred, an’ dat goes. Say, do you know wot I’ve seed her done? I’ve seed her feedin’ dem kids wot gets free turk on Christmas by dose east side missioners. She’s one of dem loidies wot comes down here an’ fixes up old women and kids coz dey likes it. Dat’s right.

“Well, say, I was kinder lookin’ at ‘er when I sees a mug wid a dyed mustache kinder jolt ag’in ‘er, an’ he raises his dicer an’ grins. See? Say, dat sets me crazy. Lemme tell ye. Remember when der truck run over me toes? Well, I couldn’t sell no poipers nor nutting den. See?

Say, she was de loidy wot comes ter me room wid grub an' reads ter me. Dat's what she done.

"Well, I runs up to her dis mornin', an' I says: 'Scuse me, loidy, but shall I tump der mug?'

"She was kinder white in de gills, but dere was fight in her eye. Say, when yer scrap yer watches de odder felly's eye, don't ye? Yer kin always see fight in de eye. Dat's right. Well, say, dere was fight in her eye. When I speaks to her she kinder smiles an' says: 'Oh, dat's you, is it, Chimmie?'

"Say, she remembered me name. Well, she says: 'If you'll tump de mug'—no, dat wasn't wot she says—'If you'll trash de cur I'll give yer somethin',' an' she pulled out her wad an' flashed up a fiver. Den she says somethin' about it not being Christian, but de example would be good. I don't know what she meaned, but dat's straight. See? Wot she says goes, wedder I'm on or not.

"'Can you trash 'im, Chimmie?' she says.

"'Can I?' I says. 'I'll put a new face on 'im.'

"Den I went fer 'im. Say, I jolted 'im in de belly so suddent he was paralyzed. See? Den I give 'im de heel, an' over he went in de mud, an' me on top of 'im. Say, you should have seed us! Well, I'd had his odder ear off if de cop hadn't snatched me.



"WHEN I SEESES A MUG WID A DYED MUSTACHE KINDER JOLT AGIN' 'ER, AN'
HE RAISES HIS DICER AND GRINS."—Page 3.

“Say, he ran me in, but it wasn’t ten minutes before she come dere and squared me. See? When she got me outside she was kinder laffin’ an’ cryin’, but she give me de fiver an’ says: ‘I hope de Lord’ll forgive me, Chimmie, for leadin’ yer into temptation, but yer done ’im brown.’

“Dat’s right; dem’s ’er very words. No, not ‘done ’im brown;’ dat’s wot dey meanted—say, ‘trashed ’im well.’ Dat’s right. ‘Trashed ’im well,’ was her very words. See?”

* * * * *

“Say, I knowed ye’d be paralyzed wen ye seed me in dis harness. It’s up in G, ain’t it? Dat’s right. Say—remember me tellin’ ye ’bout de mug I t’umped fer de loidy on de Bowery? de loidy wot give me de five and squared me wid der perlice? Dat’s right. Well, say, she is a torrowbred, an’ dat goes. See? Dat evenin’ wot d’ye tink she done? She brought ’is Whiskers ter see me.

“Naw, I ain’t stringin’ ye. ’Is Whiskers is de loidy’s fadder. Sure.

“’E comes ter me room wid der loidy, ’is Whiskers does, an’ he says, says ’e, ‘Is dis Chimmie Fadden?’ says ’e.

“‘Yer dead on,’ says I.

“‘Wot t’ell?’ ’e says, turning to ’is daughter. ‘Wot does de young man say?’ ’e says.

“Den de loidy she kinder smiled—say, yer otter seed ’er smile. Say, it’s outter sight. Dat’s right. Well, she says: ‘I tink I understan’ Chimmie’s langwudge,’ she says. ‘E means ’e is de kid yuse lookin’ fer. ’E’s der very mug.’

“Dat’s wot she says; somet’in’ like dat, only a felly can’t just remember ’er langwudge.

“Den ’is Whiskers gives me a song an’ dance ’bout me bein’ a brave young man fer t’umpin’ der mug wot insulted ’is daughter, an’ ’bout ’is heart bein’ all broke dat ’is daughter should be doin’ missioner work in der slums.

“I says, ‘Wot t’ell;’ but der loidy, she says, ‘Chimmie,’ says she, ‘me fadder needs a footman,’ she says, ‘an’ I taut you’d be de very mug fer der job,’ says she. See?

“Say, I was all broke up, an’ couldn’t say nottin’, fer ’is Whiskers was so solemn. See?

“‘Wot’s yer lay now?’ says ’is Whiskers, or somet’in’ like dat.”

“Say, I could ’ave give ’im a string ’bout me bein’ a hard-workin’ boy, but I knowed der loidy was dead on ter me, so I only says, says I, ‘Wot t’ell?’ says I, like dat, ‘Wot t’ell?’ See?

“Den ’is Whiskers was kinder paralyzed like, an’ ’e turns to ’is daughter an ’e says, dese is ’is very words, ’e says:

“‘Really, Fannie,’ ‘e says, ‘really, Fannie, you must enterpert dis young man’s langwudge,’ ‘e says. See?

“Den she laffs an’ says, says she:

“‘Chimmie is a good boy if ‘e only had a chance,’ she says.

“Den ‘is Whiskers ‘e says, ‘I dare say,’ like dat. See? ‘I dare say.’ See? Say, did ye ever ‘ere words like dem? Say, I was fer tellin’ ‘is Whiskers ter git t’ell outer dat, only fer der loidy. See?

“Well, den we all give each odder a song an’ dance, an’ de end was I was took fer a footman. See? Tiger, ye say? Naw, dey don’t call me no tiger.

“Say, wouldn’t de gang on der Bow’ry be paralyzed if dey seed me in dis harness? Ain’t it great? Sure! Wot am I doin’? Well, I’m doin’ pretty well. I had ter t’umpa felly dey calls de butler de first night I was dere for callin’ me a heathen. See? Say, dere’s a kid in der house wot opens der front door wen youse ring de bell, an’ I win all ‘is boodle de second night I was dere showin’ ‘im how ter play Crusoe. Say, it’s a dead easy game, but der loidy she axed me not to bunco de farmers—deys all farmers up in dat house, dead farmers—so I leaves ‘em alone. ‘Scuse me now, dats me loidy comin’ outer der shop. I opens de

door of de carriage an' she says, 'Home, Chames.' Den I jumps on de box an' strings de driver. Say, 'e's a farmer too. I'll tell you some more 'bout de game next time. So long."

CHIMMIE ENTERS POLITE SOCIETY.

“SAY, if I didn’t come near gittin’ de gran’ bounce, de straight trun out, me name’s not Chimmie Fadden. Dat’s right. Sure, en say, ’is Whiskers was crazy.

“Listen. De old mug calls me ‘a unregenerate heathen!’ Did ye ever hear such langwudge? I’m gettin’ on to dem big words, sure. ‘Un-regen-er-ate.’ Say, dat’s not bad fer a mug like me. How’d it happen? Easy. Trouble allus comes dead easy ter me. See? I’d a been trun out bod’ly ’cept fer der loidy, Miss Fannie. Yes, we calls ’er Miss Fannie. All de hands calls ’er Miss Fannie, sure.

“It was dis way. Dey gives a party up dere de odder night. Say, dey’s allus given parties dere. See? Well, de mug dey calls de butler—de one I had de scrap wid—’e says ter me, says ’e, ’e says, ‘Chames,’ says ’e, ‘Chames, you’ll help de kitchen servants to-night,’ ’e says.

“‘T’ell I will,’ I says. See? I says, ‘T’ell I will.’

“But Miss Fannie, she makes a sneak ter de barn, where I was teachin’ de coachman’s kid how ter pat fer a jig, an’ she says, says she:

“‘Chimmie,’ she says. ‘Chimmie, you’ll do what de butler tells ye, or I’ll break yer face,’ she says, Miss Fannie does. See?

“Naw, not dem words, but dat’s wat dey means. Say, a felley can’t allus be ‘memberin’ just de words dose folks use. But dat’s wot dey means.

“‘Dat goes, Miss Fannie,’ I says. ‘Dat goes,’ says I, fer what she says goes if I have ter lick de biggest mug on eart’ to make it go. See?

“Well, as I was tellin’ ye, dey gives de party an’ I helps in de kitchen. Say, it ‘ud killed ye dead ter seed me. Apron? Sure! an apron wid strings on it, an’ it comes down ter me feet. Dat’s right. I knowed ‘t would kill ye.

“Well, as I was tellin’ ye, I helps in de kitchen wid de heavy stuff, an’ I never tuk so much jawin’ in me life. Say, I’d a slugged de whole gang of dose farmers if it hadn’t been fer makin’ a racket wot ud queered Miss Fannie; she bein’ me backer, kinder. Well, bime-by all de mugs begins feedin’ in a big room where dey’s a little room offen it dey calls de pantry. I sneaks in dere once ter look at de mugs, like all de kitchen hands was sneakin’ in, and dere was a lot of bots in de pantry, an’ I just naturl’y swipes one under me dinkey apron. See? Dat’s right, ain’t it?

“When I gets a chanst I trun it out’n de windy,

aimin' fer de grass; but, holy gee! it hits some mug plunk on 'is nut. Say, I was near crazy. I snook out dere, an' dere was de coachman's kid chokin' 'issel tryin' not to howl, wid 'is 'ead in 'is paws, where de bot had hit 'im right over 'is ear. Dat's right. Sure.

"'Oh, it's yuse, Chimmie Fadden,' 'e says, says 'e. 'It's yuse, an' yer stealin' champagne,' 'e says, holdin' up de bot I'd swiped.

"'I'm stealin' nottin', yer jay,' I says, an' I gives 'im a jolt in de jaw, see? I knowed 'e couldn't howl, an' I was dyin fer a scrap, but dere was no fight in 'im, see? 'E only says, says 'e, 'give me half de bot,' 'e says, 'an' I'll not tell on ye.'

"'Dat goes,' I says, and we sneaked de bot ter de barn, where 'e opens it. Say, did ye ever drink dat stuff, champagne? Holy gee, it's rank! It's like beer wid sugar an' winigar inter it. Sure. Dat's right, I only took one glass, an' dat's all de champagne Chimmie Fadden wants. I've heered 'em jaw 'bout Bowery whiskey, but it's milk 'longside dat stuff. Say, it's no good.

"Well, I sneaked back ter der kitchen an' left der kid wid de bot. See? Say, if de kid didn't collar de whole bot I'm a chump. Sure. De whole bot, I'm tellin' ye. Dat's right.

"Well, after de party de coachman finds 'is kid

paralzyed on de barn floor. Paralyzed, see? All de old mug could get out'n de young mug was a song an' dance 'bout me. Say, everyt'ing dat goes wrong 'bout dat barn, it's all put on me. Sure.

“Well, de coachman grabs me an' takes me to 'is Whiskers, who was talkin' wid Miss Fannie 'bout de party, an' 'e says, says 'e:

“‘Dis villian has murdered me son,’ 'e says.

“Say, you’d a died if you’d seen de picnic. 'Is Whiskers was all broke up, an' talks crazy 'bout murder comin' ter 'is house tru 'is daughter tryin' ter reform de slums.

“‘Murder nothin,’ I says. ‘Wot t’ ‘ell,’ I says, like dat. I says, ‘Wot t’ ‘ell. De kid’s nut is cracked, an’ 'e’s punished de bot,’ I says. ‘Wot t’ ‘ell! ‘E’ll be all right in de mornin’.’

“Say, 'is Whiskers couldn’t understan’ me, so de whole gang of us, 'is Whiskers, Miss Fannie, coachy, an’ me, goes ter de barn. Well, you’d died if you’d seen de kid. He’d kinder taken a brace, an’ was tryin’ ter do a dance I’d teached ‘im. He had de bot in 'is arms an’ was singin’ a dinky song 'bout razzle-dazzle. 'Is face was all blood from where 'is nut was cracked by de bot; an’ holy gee 'e was a bute!

“Say, I could see 'is Whiskers wanted ter laugh,

an' Miss Fannie wanted ter cry, an' coachy was struck dead dumb; so, nobody sayin' nottin', I just taut I'd be social like, an' so I just chipped in wid, 'Oh, wot a diffrunce in de mornin'!' Den 'is Whiskers says, says 'e: 'Chimmie Fadden,' 'e says, 'yuse is a unregenerate heathen, an' you'll have to go.'

"Say, wot de ye tink Miss Fannie done? She says, 'No, fadder,' says she; 'no, I tink Chimmie is not de only sinner here. Give 'im anodder chanst,' she says, an' she pulled de old mug's whiskers, like de loidy in de play. Dat's right. Dat's wot she done. Ain't she a torrowbred?

"Well, 'is Whiskers says somet'ing 'bout its bein' better for 'im ter bring de slums ter Miss Fannie radder den Miss Fannie goin' ter der slums. Den 'e tells 'er ter go in de house, an' says 'e'll tend ter me. Say, mebby yer t'ink 'e didn't. Well, 'e took me in de harness-room an' 'e just everlastin' lambasted de hide off'n me. Sure. Say, 'is Whiskers is a reg'l'ar scrapper. See? Say, 'e t'umped me good, an' dat's right. 'E says, says 'e:

"'Miss Fannie'll look after yer soul an' I'll look after yer hide,' 'e says.

"Say, I'm kinder gettin' stuck on 'is Whiskers.

"Well, so long. I've got ter get busy. I'm

16 *CHIMMIE ENTERS POLITE SOCIETY.*

takin' a note from Miss Fannie ter 'er fadder. I'm stuck on dat job. When I goes ter 'is office 'e gives me twenty-five cents ter ride home. I walks, an' I wins de boodle. See?"

CHIMMIE MEETS THE DUCHESS.

“SAY, me name’s Dennis, an’ not Chimmie Fadden, if dem folks up dere ain’t got boodle ter burn a wet dog wid. Sure. Boodle ter burn a wet dog wid. I’m tellin’ yer, and dat’s right. See?

“Say, dey makes it dere own selves. Naw, I ain’t stringin’ yer. It’s right. How? Listen: Miss Fannie, she sent fer me, an’ she was writin’, she was, in a little book, an’ when she writ a page she teared it out an’ pinned it on a bill.

“‘Here, Chames,’ she says ter me, she says. ‘Here, Chames, take dese bills an’ pay dem,’ she says.

“‘Wot t’ell will I pay dem wid, Miss Fannie,’ I says. Like dat, ‘Wot t’ell will I pay dem wid?’ I says. See?

“Say, wot der yer tink she says? She says, says she, ‘Pay dem wid de checks, Chames,’ she says. See? ‘Dere’s a check pinned on every bill,’ she says.

“Say, I taut she was stringin’ me; but I tinks ter meself, if she wants ter string me, it goes. See? Wot Miss Fannie does goes, wedder it makes me look like a farmer or not. Dat’s right.

“Well, I taut I’d get a roast when I’d try ter pass off dose tings she writ out fer boodle. See? Wot do yer tink? Why, every one ’er dose mugs —dere was a candy store, an’ dere was a flower store, an’ dere was a store where dey sells womin’s hats, an’, holy gee! dere was all kind er stores—all dose mugs, I’m tellin’ ye, dey just takes off der hats when I shoved de boodle Miss Fannie made at ’em. Dat’s right. Dat boodle was as good as nickels. Sure.

“Well, I was clean parylized, an’ when I gits home an’ was goin’ ter Miss Fannie wid de bills I meets a mug in de hall dey calls de walley. Say, all dat mug does fer ’is wages is ter take care of ’is Whiskers’s whiskers. Sure. ’E is ’is Whiskers’s walley. When ’is Whiskers wants a clean shirt dat walley gits it for ’im, and tings like dat.

“I wouldn’t mind dat snap meself, only ’is Whiskers is a reg’lar scrapper an’ can do me.

“Well, I was tellin’ yer ’bout meetin’ de walley in de hall. I told ’im dat Miss Fannie could make boodle outter paper, just like de President er der United States.

“Say, wot de yer tink dat mug done? ’E gives me de laugh. See? Gives me de laugh, an’ says I’m a ig’rant wagabone.

“‘Wot t’ell!’ I says ter ’im. ‘I may be a waga-

bone,' I says, 'but I'm not ig'rant,' I says, like dat. 'Wot t'ell.' See?

"'Miss Fannie can't make boodle,' says 'e, 'no more nor I kin,' 'e says. 'Dem's checks,' 'e says.

"Say, I was kinder layin' fer dat dude, anyhow, 'cause 'e is allus roastin' me. So when 'e says dat, I gives 'im a jolt in de jaw. See? Say, 'e squared 'isself in pretty good shape, an' I taut I had a good scrap on me hands, when in comes Miss Fannie's maid.

"Say, she's a doisy. Yer otter see 'er. I'm dead stuck on 'er. She's French, an' talks a forn langwudge mostly.

"When she showed up in de hall I drops me hands, an' de odder mug e' drops 'is hands, an' I gives 'er a wink an' says:

"'Ah dere, Duchess!' like dat. See? 'Ah dere, Duchess!'

"Den I chases meself over ter 'er and trows me arms 'round 'er an' gives 'er a kiss.

"Say, yer otter seed dat walley! I taut I'd die! Holy gee, 'e was crazy! 'E flies outter de hall, but I didn't know den wot 'is game was. I soon tumbled, dough.

"Well, as I was a-telling ye, I gives de Duchess a kiss, an' she says 'Vat on,' like dat. Dat's 'er forn lanwgudge. 'Vat on.' See?

“How de yer say it is? ‘Va-t-en?’ Is it ‘get out?’

“Holy gee! Is dat so?

“Well, seein’ as how I wasn’t onto ’er langwudge, den, I gives ’er anodder kiss.

“Dat’s right, ain’t it? When a felley meets a Duchess ’e’s stuck on, it’s right ter give ’er a kiss, ain’t it? Sure.

“Well, she runs a big bluff of prertendin’ not ter like it, an’ says ‘lace moy’ and ‘finny say.’

“How de yer say it is? ‘Finissez?’ Naw, dat ain’t right. ‘Finney say,’ she says, says she, but ’er langwudge bein’ forn I wasn’t dead on all de time, an’ so I says nothin’ but just kept busy, I kept.

“Say, I was pretty busy when in tru de door comes. Miss Fannie and dat mug, de walley, an’ catched me. Dat’s wot dat mug went out fer, ter give me snap away ter Miss Fannie.

“Say, but Miss Fannie was red! An’ pretty! She was just pretty up ter de limit, I’m tellin’ ye. Up ter de limit. See?

“She gives me a look, an’ I was parylized. See?

“But, holy gee! Ye otter seed de Duchess. She was as cool an’ smooth as ever yer seed anybody in yer life. I taut she’d be parylized, but—

say, womin is queer folks, anyhow, an' ye never know wat t'ell dey'll do 'till dey do it. Sure.

"Miss Fannie, she began talkin' dat forn langwudge ter de Duchess, but de Duchess she humped 'er shoulders an' she humped 'er eyebrows an' looked as surprised as if she'd put on her shoe wid a mouse in it.

"Den de Duchess she says, says she, talkin' English, but kinder dago like—de kind er dago dat French folks talk when dey talks English. See? She says, says she:

"'Meester Cheemes 'e don't do nothin,' she says, like dat, see?

"Say, wasn't dat great? Are ye on? See? Why, yuse must be a farmer: I was dead on ter onct. Say, de Duchess talked English ter tip me, see? She didn't want me ter give de game away.

"Miss Fannie, she was dead on too, fer she got redder, an' looked just like a actress on top er de stage, sure. She told de Duchess ter talk dat forn langwudge, I guess, fer dey jawed away like a amblance gong, an' I was near crazy, fer I taut I was gettin' de gran' roast an' I couldn't understand' dere talk, see?

"'Bout de time I taut I'd drop dead fer not knowin' wot t'ell dey was sayin,' Miss Fannie she turns ter me an' says, says she:

“‘Chames,’ she says, ‘wot was yer doin’ of?’ she says.

“‘Nottin,’ I says; ‘nottin’ ‘tall, Miss Fannie,’ says I, ‘only askin’ de Duchess where t’ell yer was,’ I say, ‘so I could give yer de bills wot I paid wid de boodle,’ I says.

“Then Miss Fannie she taut er while, an’ she says suddent, says she: ‘Wot did she say when yer ast ‘er where I was?’ she says.

“Say, dere was where I was a farmer, a dead farmer. ‘Stid of chippin’ in wid a song and dance ‘bout something or nodder, I was so stuck on me langwudge dat I said dose words de Duchess spoke, wot I was tellin’ ye of: ‘vat on,’ an’ ‘lace moy,’ an’ ‘finney say.’

“Say, wot t’ell do dem words mean, anyhow?

“Holy gee! is dat so? ‘get out,’ an’ ‘let me be,’ and ‘stop.’

“Say, holy gee, I was a farmer, an’ dat’s right.

“Well, when I said dem four words Miss Fannie she bit her lips, an’ twisted her mouth like she’d die if she didn’t laugh. But de Duchess, she gives me one look like she’d like ter do me, an’ chased ‘erself outter der hall. An’ me stuck on ‘er, too!

“Say, womin is queer folks, anyhow; an’ when

yer stuck on yerself de most dat's when dey trows
yer down de hardest. See?

“Say, fallin’ in love has taut dis mug one ting,
dead. I don’t go monkeyin’ wid no forn lan-
gwudge no more. Sure. Straight English is
’bout me size. See?”

CHIMMIE FADDEN IN DEEP WATER.

“SAY, ye remember me tellin’ ye ‘bout de Duchess, Miss Fannie’s French maid, wot trun me down jess as I was gittin’ stuck on meself? Well, say, she’s a chim dandy, and dat goes. After dat row, wen I gives her away by sayin’ dose forn langwudge words wot she said, she was dead sore on me. I tries me best ter jolly ‘er up, but de game didn’t work, an’ I was all broke up, ‘cause I am stuck on de Duchess. See?

“Well, de odder day Miss Fannie she sent out ter de barn an’ says she wants her cart sent roun’, an’ dat I was to go wid ‘er.

“De cart is a little waggin wid only two wheels, an’ I rides up be’ind wid me back ter de hoss, an’ Miss Fannie, she drives. Say, mebby ye tink she can’t drive? Wy, she drives out er sight; up ter de limit, I’m tellin’ ye. Well, as I was a-holdin’ de hoss in front of de house, out comes Miss Fannie wid de Duchess, and dey gits in de front seat and I jumps up be’ind. Say, I was tickled ter deat’, fer we was a-goin’ out ter a ‘ospital, t’ell and gone beyond de Park, an’ I taut I’d git er chance ter jolly de Duchess when Miss Fannie goes inter

de 'ospital wid nice grub fer de kids wot 'as queer backs an' crooked legs. See?

“Well, w'en we gits ter de 'ospital I jumps down ter hold de hoss, an' Miss Fannie she gits outer de cart an' tells de Duchess ter chase 'erself in wid de grub.

“Say, I tink Miss Fannie was dead onter me game ter jolly de Duchess, an' dat's w'y she chases 'er in der 'ospital. But de Duchess she's fly, she is; fly up ter de limit, an' she leaves one of de bundles of grub in de cart. Pretty soon she comes chasing out after de bundle wot she left, an' she gives me er wink an' says, wid 'er dago talk, de kind er dago French folks talk w'en dey talks English, an' she says, says she, ‘Cheemie,’ she says, ‘yer a leetle brute,’ she says like dat, see? ‘Yer a leetle brute.’

“‘Yer a angel, Duchess,’ I says, ‘yer a angel, an' ye broke me all up w'en yuse trun me down,’ says I, an' I gives 'er a paralyzing smile. See?

“‘Vat ye mean by trun ye down?’ says de Duchess, wile she makes 'er bluff of not findin' de bundle.

“Say, wen she says dat I know'd she was jess givin' me a song an' dance 'bout me bein' a brute. See? I know'd from de way she says it, an' I seed dat she foun' de bundle, but wasn't breakin'

'er neck a chasin' 'erself in wid it. So I says, says I: 'Duchess,' I says, purlite as could be, says I: 'Duchess, if dere was no mugs aroun' 'ere I'd give yer a kiss,' I says.

"Well, she kinder laughs an' says: 'Mebbe dere won't be no one roun' w'en ye brings in Miss Fannie's rug, wot I'll leave in de cart w'en we'se git 'ome,' says she. Den she chases 'erself in de 'ospital.

"Say, now, on de dead level, ain't she up ter de limit? Are ye on to de tip she was a givin' me? I wonder!

"Well, jess as she made 'er sneak a mug comes along on hossback, an' 'e kinder pipes off de Duchess, an' den 'e pipes off me, and den 'e pipes off de cart, an' wid dat 'e stops 'is hoss.

"De mug was no dude, I could tell dat, but 'e kinder wore close like er dude.

"W'en 'e stops 'e says ter me, says 'e: 'Whose groom is yuse?'

"I ain't nobody's groom,' I says. 'I was hired for a footman. Dat's wot Miss Fannie says, an' wot she says goes,' I says.

"Say, w'en I says dat e' kinder looks queer, and 'e rides off an' den 'e rides back. I was dead crazy 'cause I couldn't git onto 'is curves. I was jess tinking of trunning a rock at 'is hoss w'en 'e

says: "Ere's something fer yuse," 'e says, an' 'e gives me a plunk.

"Don't yer know wot a plunk is? W'y it's er case, er doller. Say, youse ain't as fly as I taut. Sure.

"Well, as I was a tellin' ye, 'e gives me a plunk, an' den 'e gives me a letter, an' tells me ter give it ter Miss Fannie. De letter, I mean.

"Den I was worse off 'is curves dan before, but de mug was a gent or I'm a farmer, so I jess says, 'Tanks, boss,' an' 'e rides off. See?

"Well, I taut I'd keep de letter ter give ter de Duchess ter give ter Miss Fannie. Ye see, womin is queer folks, an' dey allus is crazy ter be let in on der game, wotever it is, an' I taut if I'd give de mug's letter ter de Duchess first it would make me solid wid her. See?

"Well, w'en we gits home de Duchess leaves de rug in de cart, like she says she would, an' I chases in wid it from de barn. De Duchess was waitin' fer me, an' I gives 'er de letter. Say, she nearly had a fit. Sure. She made me tell de whole snap over a tousan' times; an' den wot de ye tink she done? She trun her arms aroun' me, an' gives me a hug an' a kiss dat nearly done me. Den she runs away. Say, I'm tellin' ye straight, I was so dead stuck on meself dat I began doin' a dance

right dere. But, holy gee! A mug wot tinks 'e's in it w'en 'is Duchess jollies 'im fer doin' somet'ing she likes, dat mug is a dead farmer. It ain't yuse wot's in it, it's wot yuse done wot's in it. See?

“In less'n no time de Duchess comes chasing back wid 'er cheeks afire, an' weeps in 'er eyes, an' she gives me a crack in de jaw wot knocked me silly.

“‘Wot t'ell?’ I says. Wid dat she gives me back de letter and gives me anodder crack.

“‘Dat's wot I got,’ she says. ‘How you like 'im?’

“Den she tells me de mug is a gent wot Miss Fannie's fadder, 'is Whiskers, ye know, is dead sore on, but dat Miss Fannie she was dead stuck on 'im, but 'is Whiskers wouldn't have 'im dere. De mug 'ad been away in forn parts an' jess come back. De Duchess taut Miss Fannie would like de letter, but she was dead sore on de Duchess for givin' it ter 'er, an' wouldn't open it ter read wot was writ on de inside.

“‘Den she's dead sore on me, too,’ says I.

“Well, wot de yuse tink? De Duchess said she never gave me away ter Miss Fannie! Sure. Dem women folks has curves in der brains a mug never can tumble to. An' dat goes. De game is too

slick fer Chimmie Fadden, sure. I gets a letter from a mug wot Miss Fannie likes, an' gives it ter de Duchess. De Duchess gives me a kiss fer givin' 'er de letter, cause 'er maid allus stan's in wid de mug wot de fadder is sore on. I'm on ter dat much. Den Miss Fannie she jumps de Duchess fer givin' 'er de mug's letter, an' de Duchess she jumps me, but she never queered me wid Miss Fannie by tellin' dat I was de mug wot collars de letter. She does biff me in de jaw, dough, an' dat's wot sets me crazy. See?

“Say, I’m tinkin’ women allers does a ting ‘cause dey don’t wantter: or mebbe dey don’t wantter ‘cause dey can. Dere curves is too much fer a farmer like me.

“Well, so long. I’m goin’ ter a club down ‘ere ter take dat letter back ter de mug. I wonder will ‘e want dat plunk back. Well, de plunk don’t go. See?”

CHIMMIE OBSERVES CLUB LIFE.

“SAY, wot t’ell is dem clubs, anyhow? ’Member me tellin’ ye ’bout takin’ back de letter to de mug wot I give de Duchess fer Miss Fannie? Naw, not de mug I give de Duchess, but de letter. Say, don’t yuse get funny wid me. See?

“Well, I goes to de club wot de Duchess tells me an’ rings de bell, an’ er Buttons e’ opens de door, an’ I asks fer de mug wot de Duchess tells me. See? Buttons ’e wants ter know has I er message fer de gent, an’ I says I has, an’ ’e says ter give it t’ ’im. I tells ’im not on ’is life; dat I mus’ see de gent meself. Well, ’e takes me ter a little room an’ leaves me dere, wile ’e chases ’isself off ater de gent. See?

“Den I seed de queerest fakes ye ever seed in yer life.

“Dere was mugs an’ mugs waltzes in an’ gives dere coats to de Buttons, but dey keeps on der dicers an’ der canes, an’ den dey mostly goes in er room wid little tables an’ orders drinks. Say, dere wasn’t er mug pays fer ’is drink all de time I was dere. Dat’s right, sure. Dey’d get dere drinks an’ den write wid a pencil on er piece er

paper de Buttons gives 'em. Say, I tink I'm on ter dat game. Dey was doin' wot Miss Fannie done de time I was tellin' ye of w'en she makes money by jes' writin' on er piece er paper. Dat was wot 'is Wiskers's walley called er check.

"Well, as I was er tellin' ye, I was in de little room wen pritty soon de gent I was after comes in. See? 'E was harnessed out in 'is riding close, an' 'e carries dat little dinky wip wot gents carries wen dey rides. See? Know what I mean? One er dem little sawed-off wips widout any lash; only a dinky little loop at de end fer ter hang it up by. Open gates wid, you say? But dere ain't no gates.

"Well, wen 'e sees me 'e kinder grins, and 'e kinder don't grin; like a felly yer scrappin' wid wots bigger dan yuse, an' yuse give 'im er jolt in de jaw, an' 'e runs er bluff at grinning. See? Say, I was kinder sorry fer de mug. Sure. I knowed dat 'e got er jolt in der jaw wen 'e sees de letter in me fist, an' I hates ter give it to 'im; but de Duchess gives me de orders, an' I wasn't goin' to queer meself wid 'er any more, so I pokes de letter at 'im.

"Say, wot de ye tink happened right den? Ye'd never guess, but it paralyzed me. Say, 'is Wiskers, Miss Fannie's fadder, comes in de club an'

'e passes de door of der room ware we was jes as I gives de letter back to de mug. Well, holy gee! I taut I'd go crazy when I see 'is Wiskers look in de room, kinder careless like, and see me givin' de letter te de gent. Say, 'is Wiskers was as wite as yer shirt, sure. Den 'e steps in de room and 'e shuts de door behind 'im. Well, I'm givin' it to you straight; I was paralyzed up te de limit, sure.

"First I taut wot de Duchess would tink of it, den I fergot all 'bout de Duchess wen I began tinkin' 'bout Miss Fannie; cause I kinder tumbled dat de game wasn't goin' er way more dan enough. Den I says ter meself, says I, 'Chimmie Fadden,' I says, 'Chimmie, don't yuse be er farmer,' I says.

"Wen 'is Wiskers shuts de door de gent turns aroun,' an' 'e gits kinder wite, too; but 'e hists 'is dicer and bows, like gents do ter loidies on de street, and 'is Wiskers 'e hists 'is dicer, an' 'e bows, too.

"Den 'is Wiskers 'e says, says 'e, for I 'member de words, 'cause I tole 'em ter de Duchess, but, of course, a felly can't 'member all dose words, 'e says:

"'Pardin me fer sayin' dat I has a interest in any letters me servant has to give to yuse,' 'e says.

"Before de gent says er word I says, says I, quick I says:

“‘I didn’t bring no letter,’ I says, ‘I foun’ de gent’s wip on de road,’ I says, ‘an’ was jes fetchin’ it back to ‘im,’ I says, ‘see?’ says I.

“Well, I was er farmer. Dat’s all I am, anyhow, a dead farmer; for ‘is Wiskers says, ‘Hold yer mug’—no—‘yer tongue,’ ‘e says; an’ de gent ‘e says, ‘Yer servant ’as return me wot I sent yer daughter,’ ‘e says.

“Dat’s right. I’m givin’ it ter yer straight. Sure. De gent gives me dead away, an’ I was nottin’ but a farmer in de game.

“‘Is Wiskers ‘e never looks at me, but ‘e says, an’ all dey says is in er low voice, as perlite as two loidies, ‘e says:

“‘I’m glad, sir, dat me daughter ’as honor enough ter return de letter, even if yer hasn’t de honor not ter send it,’ says ‘e.

“Den you outter seed de gent! I couldn’t get on to wot ‘is Wiskers ‘d said ter ruff de gent, but ‘e was as dead sore as if ‘is Wiskers ‘d called ‘im er liar. ‘E was all red an’ wite in er minute, an’ I was lookin’ sharp fer a scrap, an’ tinkin’ wot t’ell I’d do in der scrap. See? I didn’t know wich mug I’d slug, fer one was Miss Fannie’s fadder, an’ de odder was ‘er felly, as near as I could tumble ter de game.

“But dough dere was scrap in dere eyes, dey

never scrapped, but jes talk perlite, usin' dose words dat ain't jes English, an' ain't jes forn, but is jes kinder dude, like acters speak out on top er der stage.

"Der gent 'e says someting 'bout not havin' written Miss Fannie er letter, but only jes sent 'er someting from er friend of 'er's in forn parts. 'E told 'is Wiskers dat 'e didn't like ter tell de friend in forn parts dat 'e couldn't fetch nottin' for 'er, an' 'e said 'e knowed dat if he sent it by der Post-Office it wouldn't git ter Miss Fannie.

"When 'e said dat 'is Wiskers kinder flustered, an' de gent 'e went on wid 'is song an' dance, an' 'e said dat was de reason 'e gave de ting ter me, happenin' as how 'e seed me wen 'e was out ridin'.

"Wen 'c'd finished wid 'is talk den 'e, all of a suddint, tored open de envelope an' took out a little bit of er dude hankychief, wot loidies carries, wot is all full of holes made in der hankychief, an' showed it ter 'is Wiskers, an' 'e says, says de gent:

"'Me sister asked me ter fetch dis over ter Miss Fannie. Me sister don't know,' 'e says, 'wot 'as happened twixt yuse an' me,' says 'e, 'an I didn't tell 'er, so I fetched it for 'er. Dat's all.'

"Den 'is Wiskers looks kinder queer, an' I was watchin' 'im close. I don't know wot made me done it, but I ups an' says, says I:

“‘If Miss Fannie knowed dere was nottin’ but er dinky little wife in der enwelope I guess she wouldn’t er cried so w’en she tole de Duchess—’er maid, I mean—ter make me chase back wid it,’ I says.

“Say, dat’s de time Chimmie Fadden wasn’t no farmer. De gent ’e turns red and looks out de windy, an’ ’is Wiskers first ’e looks at me, an’ den ’e looks at de gent, and den ’e hemmed, like ’e’d got some whisky down ’is winpipe, an’ den ’e says, says ’e:

“‘I owes yer a polgy,’ ’e says, an’ ’e holds out ’is hand. Den dey shake, an’ ’is Wiskers, ’e hawed some more, an’ ’e says, not jes dese words, but dis is wot he meaned, ’e says:

“‘Mebby dere is someting dat can be explained ’bout dat odder matter,’ ’e says.

“Den de young gent says, quick:

“‘Yuse never ’lowed me no ’tunity,’ ’e says, meaning ’e never got no chanst ter square ’imself. See? Den ’is Wiskers says dat p’r’aps dere was some haste. I tink ’e meant dey’d rowed before dey knowed wot dey was rowin’ ’bout, but I couldn’t make out jes wot, ’cause ’is Wiskers pipes me off jes den, an’ ’e says, says ’e,

“‘Git outter ’ere, yer brat,’ says ’e,

“So I chases meself out by de door and strings



"DEN 'IS WHISKERS CALLED ME IN."—Page 43.

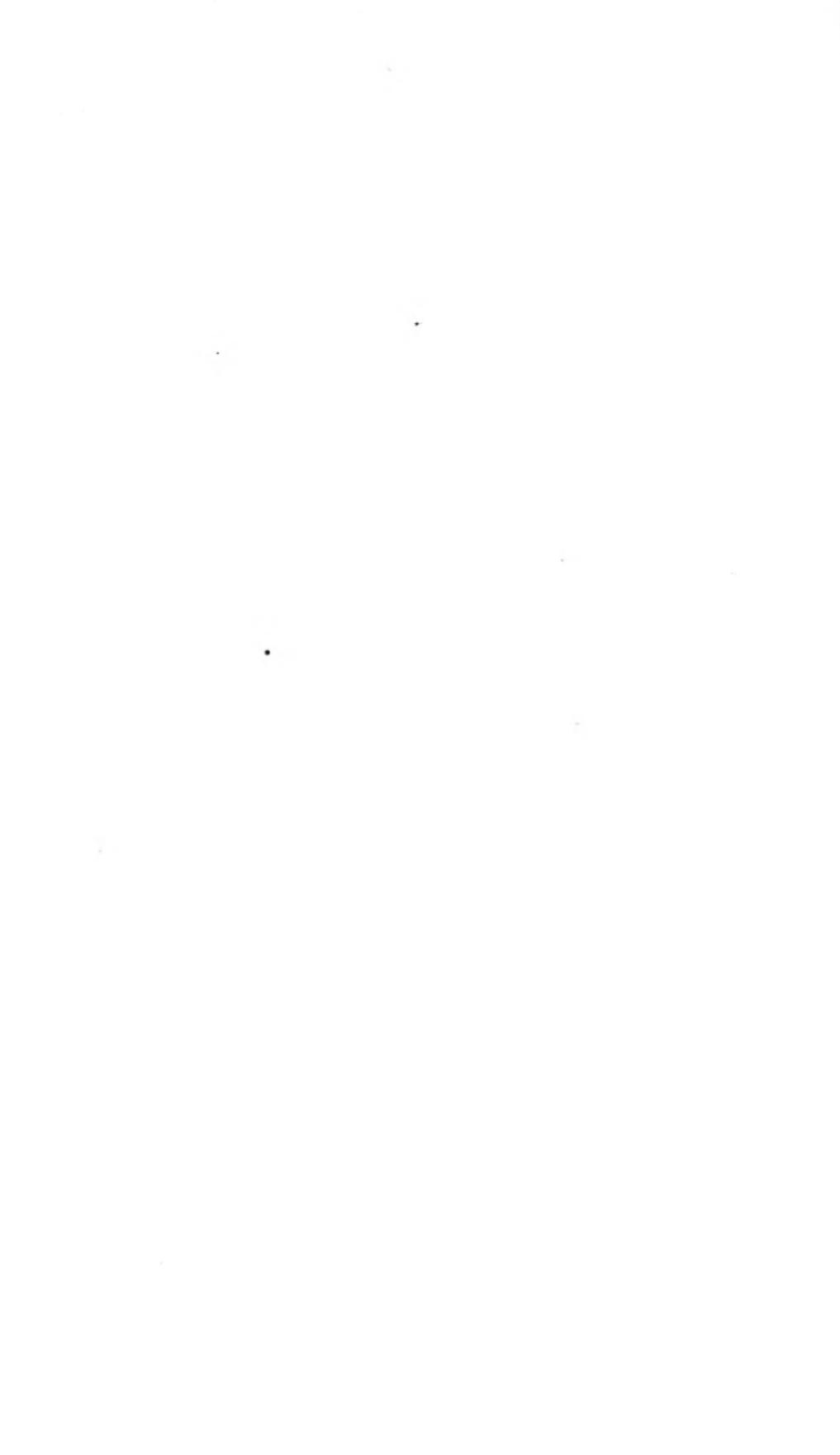
de Buttons, 'till all of a suddint I was dead paralyzed by seein' 'is Wiskers and de gent come marchin' out of de room, arm in arm, an' dey make straight fer one er dose little tables, an' in a minute a Buttons was fetchin' dem a small bottle. Sure.

"Den 'is Wiskers called me in, and 'e says, chipper as a four-time winner, says 'e:

"'Go home an' order me carriage down 'ere an' tell Miss Fannie dat dere will be er friend ter dinner,' and wid dat 'is Wiskers nods at de gent, who was smiling like er cat wot is took in out of der cold.

"Say, de ye tink I chased meself up de avenue? Well, I chased up ter de limit, sure. I didn't have much breathe left w'en I got home and tole de Duchess, and wot breathe I did have de Duchess squoze outter me w'en I sung me song te 'er.

"But dere was no kick comin' ter me 'bout dat, sure."



WOMIN IS QUEER.

“SAY, womin is queer folks, ain’t dey? It don’t make no difrunce wedder dey is like de Duchess, wot trots in my class, or wedder dey is torrowbreds like Miss Fannie, dey is all queer. See? I was tellin’ yer ’bout de mug wot is stuck on Miss Fannie squarin’ ’isself wid ’is Wiskers, Miss Fannie’s fadder. ’Member? ’Bout de letter I tuk back te de mug in de club? Yes, dat’s de mug I mean, sure.

“Well, let me tell ye; dat felly ’e is a torrow-bred, an’ now dat ’e is all square wid ’is Wiskers ’e is makin’ up fer lost time round our way. Dat’s right. Say, I was goin’ ter tell yer ’bout how queer womin is, but I guess I’m gettin’ er little looney meself, all along wid de same game. If yuse see any er me old gang, don’t put dem on te de way Chimmie Fadden lost ’is grip, ’cause dey’d string de life outer me an’ I couldn’t kid dem back, all along wid womin bein’ so queer. See?

“Well, ware was I at? De mug wot squared ’imself wid ’is Wiskers? Dat’s right. I was tellin’ yer ’bout ’is bein’ up ter our house all de time now. Well, de funny ting erbout it is dat now

dat 'e's back an' ev'ryting is up te de limit wid Miss Fannie, she ain't breakin' 'er neck no more 'bout no orphans, nor no kids in hospitals wid crooked legs, nor no old womin wot ain't got no good grub nor no Bibles in de slums. See?

“Say, ain't dat kinder queer? Yuse would tink dat now dat t'ings is comin' 'er way more dan enough she'd be tinkin' 'bout de dead ducks, an' dinky-backed kids, an' old womin outer work, wot ain't got nothin' comin' dere way 'cept de winter, an' de landlord, an' de measles, an' dose t'ings. Dat's right, ain't it?

“Say, I was er farmer ter tink so. Womin is queer, an' de more yuse tink er 'bout dere game de more of a farmer yuse get till yuse can't see fer de hayseed fallin' outer yer hair. Dat's straight.

“Lemme tell ye. I was sayin' te de Duchess dat I was paralyzed cause Miss Fannie quit de slums and tings like dat soon as de mug wot is 'er felly comes back. De Duchess she says ter me, she says, in dat forn French dago wot she talks English in, ye know, says she: ‘Chimmie,’ she says, ‘yuse are a little heathen fool, an' don't know wot love is,’ says she. See?

“‘Duchess,’ I says, puttin' me arm 'round 'er waist ware we was sittin' one night when she was

waitin' for Miss Fannie to come home, says I, 'tell me wot it is,' I says like dat. See?

"Den she says dat love is wot made Miss Fannie go inter de slums, an' love was wot makes 'er ferget de slums.

"Did yuse ever hear such talk like dat? Say, she must take me fer er worse gillie dan I am, an' dat's wot I was sayin' ter 'er when in ware we was sittin' walks dat mug I wus tellin' ye of wot fixes 'is Wiskers' shirts's and tings like dat, wot dey calls 'is Wiskers's valley, not walley.

"Say, I'll slug de head offen dat valley some day, sure.

"Wen 'e comes in de Duchess she chases me te de odder side de room an' begins gettin' gay an' givin' me de laugh, an' jollyin' up dat valley 'till I near dead wid not knowin' wedder I was in it er not. See?

"Wen she'd give me de laugh and jollied dat valley till I'd been off me nut if I'd hung 'round dere any longer, I chased meself out te de barn an' pegged de coachman's kid in de mout' fur stringin' me on bein' cooked.

"Well, I had me buttons off, an' was rigged up in me new dude harness, wot Miss Fannie gives me fer meself de day after I helped square 'er felley wid 'is Wiskers at de club, an' I gets tired

peggin' de kid, an' I gets tired of everyt'ing, so I goes out on de avenue fer a walk. Yuse never seed me in dat harness, did ye? Say, it would kill ye dead to see me in it. I look like a acter, sure!

"As I was tellin' ye, I went out on de street, an' who de ye tink I meets? Miss Fannie's felley a comin' away from de house ware 'e'd fetched Miss Fannie an' 'is Wiskers from de teater dey'd been ter. 'Is name is Burton, but dey calls 'im Hal, 'cause 'is front name is Harry, an' 'e was wistlin' like 'er kid, wen 'e sees me an' says, says 'e: 'Hello, Chimmie,' 'e says, 'out fer de air?' says 'e.

"'I'm goin' to wet me new harness,' I says.

"Den 'e laughs, an' says, says 'e, 'Here's somet-ing te wet dem wid,' 'e says, an' gives me a plunk.

"I pockets de plunk, wen 'e pipes me off jes under de 'lectric light, an' 'e says, kinder jollying me, says 'e: 'Yer off yer feed, Chimmie,' 'e says, 'wot's ailin' ye?'

"Say, down ware I was raised wese don't go chasin' roun' tellin' w'en wese gets de gaff, fer ye'd only get de laugh fer it, see? But 'e was kinder jolly wid 'is way, and I was kinder looney, I guess, so I tells 'im how I was outter de game wid de Duchess, an' 'e didn't give me de laugh er t' all.

“ ‘E taut er wile, den ’e says, says ’e, ‘Ain’t der anodder Duchess in de house?’ ’e says.

“ ‘Dere is a little chip,’ I says, ‘wot dusts de rooms, and tings like dat,’ says I, meanin’ one er de help wot had kinder been jollyin’ me. ‘But she ain’t me size,’ I says.

“ ‘Never mind de size,’ says ’e. ‘Jes yuse jolly ’er ter-morrow, an’ let de Duchess see it,’ ’e says, ‘an’ tings will come yer way, I guess,’ says ’e.

“ Say, wot I wants to know is, how t’ell ’e could know dat? See?

“ But lemme tell ye. De next day I meets de chip jes as I seed de Duchess er comin’ long de hall, an’ I begins jollyin’ ’er up to de limit, like de mug—Mr. Burton, I mean—had put me onto. See?

“ Say, ye’d a died if ye’d seed de Duchess. She told de chip te chase ’erself te de housekeeper, an’ den she sung me a long song an’ dance ’bout me bein’ er flirt, an’ tings like dat, wot dey talks erbout out on top er de stage, an’ says, says she, trowin’ ’erself on me shoulder, she says, ‘Chimmie, yuse have broken me heart,’ says she. Dat’s straight. Sure.

“ But wait till I tell ye. Jes den dat valley comes chasin’ ’imself along, an’ wot do yuse tink dat Duchess done? Say, she gives ’im er slap in der jaw an’ gives me a kiss!

"Now, wot t'ell does dose tings mean? Dat mug, Mr. Burton, 'e must know, 'cause 'e put me onter de game. But 'e chased 'imself all over forn parts te find out, I was tinkin'.

"De next time I seed 'im I tells 'im dat, an' 'e laughs an' says, says 'e: 'Forn travel don't help,' 'e says. 'It took yuse te square me, an' it took me te square yuse,' 'e says. 'Womin is queer wherever dey be,' says 'e, an' I tinks dey is."

CHIMMIE FADDEN'S NIGHT OFF.

“SAY, I’m feelin’ up ter de limit dis week. See? I had, what’s dat yuse calls dem tings? Blue devils? Dat’s right. I had dem last week. Sure. Well, tings is comin’ my way agin dis week. See?

“De Duchess an’ me is jes like two purps in er basket wot de man shows on de street fur sale. I means wese is pretty comfortable, an’ ain’t sayin’ nottin’ ter nobody. See?

“But lemme tell ye wot happened ter put me on de inside der game up ter our house. Ye know ’is Wiskers, Miss Fannie’s fadder? Well, say, de old gent is er sport, an’ dat goes if ’e hears it. See? I taut ’e was er kind er misioner, wot tells de mugs in der slums dat dey isn’t doin’ right ter be so dirty an’ ragged an’ poor, and tings like dat; jes like dey was dirty an’ ragged an’ poor ’cause dey likes it. Are ye on? Well, say, ’e ain’t dat kind er mug, but ’e does pass de ‘chip-in-de-nickel-box’ on er Sunday, cause I see ’im doin’ of it at de church wot we drives ’im an’ Miss Fannie ter on er Sunday.

“But, say, I’m gettin’ on te ’is curves, an’ I’m kinder stuck on ’em. See?

"I was goin' te tell ye 'bout 'is bein' 'er sport. Ye see de Duchess an' me we gets 'er night off togedder, de odder night, an' I says te 'er, says I, 'Duchess,' I says, 'wot's de matter wid yuse an' me goin' te de teater?' I says, like dat, says I. See?

"Well, de Duchess she tells me ter put on me new street togs, de new harness wot Miss Fannie gives me I was tellin' you of, an' she'd meet me; cause Miss Fannie she's er little shy 'bout me an' de Duchess bein' togedder. See?

"Say, I don't know w'y Miss Fannie is so dead sore 'bout dat. If she knowed how hard I has ter 'member ter mind me manners, and jolly de Duchess perlite, jes ter keep in de game er 'tall, she wouldn't be breakin' 'er neck tryin' ter keep de Duchess and me 'way from each odder. Sure.

"Dat's funny 'bout womin, anyhow. Miss Fanny ain't 'fraid of 'erself wid dat mug wot's 'er feller, dat Mr. Burton; but she's dead leary 'bout de Duchess an' me, cause she ketched me givin' de Duchess er kiss. Praps, dough, she don't know dat de Duchess an' me has ketched 'er givin' dat mug er kiss.

"Say, I'm tinking dere aint nothin' wrong in de kiss, 'cept gettin' found out, an' she don't know we finded 'er out, so she tinks de game is square wid 'er an' de mug, an' crooked wid de Duchess

an' me. Say, I ain't got no kick comin' ter me: wot Miss Fannie tinks goes. But dat aint wot I was goin' ter tell ye 'bout.

"Well, we meets round de corner; de Duchess tellin' Miss Fannie she was a-goin ter er sick aunt, an me tellin' de butler dat I was goin ter de night school fer me English. Wait 'till I tell ye. All dem mugs up te our house says I don't talk English. Say, aint dat de best joke youse ever heard? An' me wot uster sell poipers right on Park Row! Say, I knows more English in er hour dan dat whole gang of forn dagos an' Britishers knows in der lifes. But I aint peeping er a word ter dem. I jes lets dem tink I'm ignorant and takes nights off fer der night school, an goes te de teater.

"Wot was dat I was tellin' yuse 'bout? Oh, yes, 'bout 'is Wiskers bein' er sport. Well, say, you'd died er laughin if you'd seen 'im. Say, don't yuse tink I'm sayin' er word agin 'im, fer I ain't. 'E's Miss Fannie's fadder, and dat's all 'e needs ter be ter make wot he does go, if I has ter fight ter make it. See? But Miss Fannie ain't got no mudder, so 'e ain't got no wife; an' dat makes er diffrunce, don't it? Sure.

"Well, as I was tellin' ye, I had on me new togs, and was lookin' pretty slick, an' de Duchess —say, yuse otter seed 'er: she was lookin' up ter

de limit in' one er Miss Fannie's hats an' one er dem cloaks wid fur on de rim. I had er couple er plunks—say yuse is a farmer; er plunk is er doller—wot Miss Fannie's felley, Mr. Burton gives me. Say, 'e's me friend. 'E pungles beautiful! So we went down to de concert hall 'cause de Duchess she says, says she, in dat forn French dago wot she talks, dough I'm teachin' 'er straight English as fast as I can, says she: 'Mon doo! Cheemie,' she says. 'Take me where I can har er Christian lanwudge speaked,' says she, meaning dat she wanted te hear dat forn French wot de loidy sings out on top er de stage, wot the Duchess can understan' widout nobody tellin' 'er de meanin' of it in English.

"Say, de Duchess is a corker, sure.

"Well, wese was sittin' dere, drinkin' er glass er mixed ale like two swells, wen, holy gee! Wot do yuse tink I seen? Say, I'm given it to yuse straight; de wind er something blowed er curtain in one er dem boxes up on one side, an' dere was 'is Wiskers with a fairy in de box! Sure. I nudged de Duchess, an' she nearly had er fit laughin' wen she seed 'is Wiskers.

"But dat wasn't de best of it. 'Is Wiskers happened ter look down, and I'm er farmer ef 'e didn't see me before 'e jerked de curtain back.

"Well, wese was sittin' dere, wen one er dem mugs wot shows ye where yer seat is comes up and whispers ter me; 'e says: 'Is yuse Chimmie Fadden?' says 'e.

"'Dat's me name,' says I.

"'Yer wanted up in dat box,' 'e says, pointing to 'is Wiskers' box. Den 'e told me to folly 'im, an I tells de Duchess to wait, an' I goes along wid de mug, see?

"Say, I was feeling kinder queer, cause I taut sure I'd have er scrap, an' I wasn't mindin' 'bout 'is Wiskers doin me, 'cause dat ain't much wen yer used ter it, but I was tinking I'd get me new close all mussed up wot Miss Fannie give me.

"Say, I was dead paralyzed wen I got ter de box, for wot de yuse tink 'is Wiskers done? 'E comes out er de little door in de back er de box, an' 'e says, says 'e, smiling like 'e'd been a sure winner, 'e says ter me: 'Chimmie,' he says, 'I hopes yer enjoyn' yerself,' says 'e.

"'Tings is comin' me way a little,' I says, see-ing 'im draggin' 'is vest pocket.

"'Well,' says 'e, 'have a good time wid dis,' 'e says, an' 'e tips me wid a fiver. And dis is fer Hortense,' meanin' de Duchess, 'cause dat's 'er name; an' 'e' winks at me, gives me anodder fiver for de Duchess, an' goes in ter de box.

“Say, dat knocked me silly. I went back to de Duchess an’ asks ‘er wot t’ell does it mean, an’ she has anodder fit. Den she says, says she: ‘Cheemie, lend me dat fiver of yours, an’ I’ll tell yuse wot it means.’ So I coughs up me fiver, an’ den she says: ‘It means dat yuse is not to say nothin’ to home ‘bout seein’ ‘is Wiskers in dis place till I gives yer back yer fiver,’ she says.

“Say, I ain’t got back me fiver yet, so I ain’t sayin’ notin’ at home, but ‘is Wiskers is makin’ tings come me way pretty easy dese days. See?”

MR. FADDEN'S POLITICAL EXPERIENCE.

“**S**AY, yuse want t’ take yer hat off t’ me an’ call me Mister Fadden. Chimmie don’t go no more. See? I ain’t wearin’ de same size hat I was, an’ I’m smokin’ ‘Gyptian cigarettes an’ drinkin’ absence floppy. I’m up t’ de limit, an’ I’m strikin’ er great pace t’ get on de odder side of it. Sure. Dere ain’t nobody in sight er me. Dat’s right.

“Wait till I tell ye ’bout it. Ye knows dat mug wot is Miss Fannie’s felly, Mr. Burton? Well, ’e’s er member of dat Congress wot goes t’ Albany fer t’ make laws fer de lawyers. See? ’E’s er member from er jay district where farmers is, ’cause ’is modder lives dere so she don’t have t’ pay no taxes an’ meet new folkses in de city, ’cause she’s er ’ristocrat. Dat’s wot de Duchess says, an’ she knows mor’n a newspoiper. Dat’s de way de mug comes t’ be erlected from de jay district, fer ’e ain’t no jay ’imself. ’E ’s wot dey calls er ‘dude in polyties,’ dough ’e ain’t no dude, needer.

“Well, ’e was er goin’ t’ make er song an’ dance, er speech, I mean, up dere in Albany, an’ Miss Fannie, she was er breakin’ er neck wantin’ t’ go

an' hear 'im. She was er singin' er song t' 'is Wiskers, dat's 'er fadder, 'till 'e says 'e has some business wot would fetch 'im up dere an' 'e'd take Miss Fannie er long. So Miss Fannie, er course, she taks de Duchess, but I didn't know wot t'ell kind er game I'd play t' get took. See?

"Say, wot de ye tink I done? I goes t' 'is Wiskers' valley an' tole 'im I'd tump 'im if 'e didn't play like 'e was sick an' couldn't go wid 'is Wiskers, an' 'e said 'e'd radder stay t' home dan be tumped, an' I tole 'im 'e had a great head on 'im, 'cause if I tumped 'im 'e'd have t' stay anyhow. See? Den when de valley played sick I goes t' 'is Wiskers and says couldn't I go in 'is valley's place, an' 'e kinder grinned an' says 'Yes,' 'cause 'e ain't sayin' 'No' t' me much since I piped 'im off in de box at de show wid de fairy wot I wos tellin' ye of before. See?

"Well, when we chased ourselves up dere t' Albany, dere was er mug wot Miss Fannie's felly had a jawin' match wid, 'cause Mr. Burton, dat's Miss Fannie's felly, wouldn't tell de mug how 'e was goin' t' vote on er ting wot deys all had t' vote on. See? Dey comes nigh havin' er scrap, and dere was pieces put inter de poipers 'bout de mug, wot dey calls er lobbyist, and Mr. Burton, wot dey calls er dude in polytics, like I was tellin' ye.

"Well, say, wot de ye tink? Dat mug de lobbist, 'e seen me wid de folkses, an' 'e winks t' me one time, an' I tumbled, an' folleyed 'im t' 'is room. Den 'e sets up er drink an' er cigar, like I was a gent; an' 'e says, says 'e, after askin' me name, an' sayin' I was er pretty smooth chap, an' songs an' dance like dat, 'e says: 'Is ten-doller bills comin' yer way so much yuse has bother er dodg-in' 'em?' says 'e.

"Say, I wasn't on t' 'is game. See? So I says, says I: 'Well,' I says, 'if I hustles lively I keeps from gettin' snowed under wid 'em,' I says.

"Den 'e gives er big laugh, an' 'e says 'e tinks I'll do.

"Do wot?" says I, puffin' me cigar jes like 'im, so 'e wouldn't catch me curves.

"Well, 'e goes on an' says dat dere is ten plunks in it fer me to fine out how Mr. Burton was goin' t' vote on dat ting, an' 'e tole me wot it was all er 'bout, an' 'e ast me did I know dat French maid pretty well.

"I tole 'im wese was tick as two tieves, an' 'e says dat was de game I could work on. Burton would sure tell Miss Fannie, she'd tell de Duchess, and de Duchess 'd squeal to me.

"Say, I was dead paralyzed, but I jes looked wise an' said nottin' only 's'long."

“Den I chased after de Duchess, an’ I gives ‘er de hull game.

“De Duchess she does er heep er tinkin’, an’ den she puts up de slickest job yuse ever heard tell of. She makes me go wid ‘er where she knowed de lobbist would be on t’ ‘us, an’ wese talks togedder, an’ talks togedder, an’ talks togedder. Den she goes away, an’ comes back an’ hands me a envelope, an’ tells me wot t’ do, all de time talkin’ t’ me, when she knowed dat mug was pipin’ of us.

“I didn’t know wot t’ell was in de envelope, only dat dere wasn’t nothin’ dat would give Miss Fannie’s felly away, ’cause I wouldn’t have dat. See?

“Well, I takes de envelope t’ de mug, de lobbist, an’ I says t’im, says I: ‘I can’t cough up wot yuse want,’ says I, ‘less dan twenty-five plunks, cause I’s have t’ whack up wid de Duchess,’ I says. ‘See?’ I says, like dat. ‘See?’ I says.

“‘Wot ye got?’ says ‘e.

“‘I’s got how ‘e’s goin’ t’ vote,’ says I, ‘in de envelope,’ I says.

“‘Let’s see it,’ says ‘e. ‘Let’s see it, ’cause I ain’t goin’ t’ buy no pig in no poke,’ ‘e says.

“Den I puts de envelope in me pocket an’ I says, startin’ fer de door, ‘I ain’t no farmer dis year,’ I says. ‘Crops is too short for me health,’ says I.

"Den 'e laughs, an' 'e says dat I was er pretty fly boy, an' otter be in polytics, an' 'e pungles de twenty-five plunks, an' I coughs up de envelope.

"Den 'e opens de envelope an' 'e reads like dis, 'e reads: 'Mr. Burton is goin' t' vote de way 'e wants ter.'

"Say, when I heard wot de Duchess had writ I nearly had er fit, fer I taut de mug would slug me an' drag me jeans fer de boodle; but 'e never.

"First 'e gets red, an' den 'e looks at me kinder queer like, and den 'e says, 'Chimime, yer got all yer ast fer, didn' ye?' says 'e.

"Dat's right," I says, not knowin' wot was comin' next, an' lookin' roun' t' see wot chair I'd grab, if 'e jumped me.

"Den 'e taut er while an' 'e says: 'I was square wid yuse, so yuse be square wid me. Does it go?'

"Dat goes," I says, an' wot de ye tink? 'E digs up er nodder fiver an' gives it t' me, an' 'e says, says 'e: 'If yuse tell dis story t' de poipers don't say my name.'

"Say, dat's all dat mug said, an' when I tells de Duchess she says we was farmers not t' touch 'im for fifty 'nstead of twenty-five.

"Say, dat Duchess has er great head. Sure. Ain't dat right?"

LOVE AND WAR.

“SAY, I was tinking I was eatin’ nothin’ but hot honey puffs, when all of er suddint I got me mout full er cold pretzel. Are yuse on?

“Wait ’till I tell ye: I taut I didn’t have t’ jolly de Duchess no more t’ keep ’er in line wid me, cause wese was pardners in dose snaps like wot I was tellin’ ye ’bout, up t’ Albany, where dey makes dose laws fer de lawyers. See? No? Say, yuse er me is er farmer, an’ I guess it’s bote.

“How t’ell was I t’ know dat I’d have t’ be er jollyin’ an’ er chasin’ de Duchess all de time after I was onct solid wid ’er; after I left de odder mug, dat valley, ’is Wiskers’s valley, at de post, an’ me come in er easy winner?

“Dat’s wot I done, didn’t I? Well, dere ain’t no tellin’ ’bout womin.

“Say, I taut I’d beat out dat valley, hands down, so I stopped runnin’; but de mug wot tinks ’e’s er safe winner when womin is de stake, dat mug is er farmer. Sure.

“Lemme tell ye. Miss Fannie’s felley, Mr. Burton, ’e’s up t’ Albany all de time dese days ceptin’ Saturday an’ Sunday, wot’s ’is days off, so

Miss Fannie she got tinkin' agin 'bout de crooked-leg kids in de hospitals, an' de old womin in de tennemints wot don't have nothin' but Bibles an' tings like dat to keep derselves warm wid dese days. So she says t' me one day, says she, 'Chames,' she says, 'Chames, put on yer street harness'—close I means—'put on yer street close an' go wid me,' she says, 't' de mission.'

"De mission 's de joint on de east side where Miss Fannie uster go all de time when 'is Wiskers chased Mr. Burton t' forn parts, wot I was tellin' ye 'bout. Wese goes down dere in de street cars, cause dey strings ye down dere if ye goes in er carriage, an' Miss Fannie she puts on er dress wot she tinks looks like er factory girl's dress.

"Say, ye'd die if ye'd see wot she tinks looks like er factory girl. It looks like one er dem loidies wot plays on der stage when dey goes t' de war t' be nurses when dere fellys is sojers. See? She looks up t' de limit, I'm tellin' ye, but no more like er factory girl dan I looks like der statoo on Park Row.

"Say, wot was I er tellin' ye of? De Duchess? Well, I puts on me street close, an' Miss Fannie she comes down t' de door where I was waitin' wid de basket er grub; an', my! she looked outter sight. Den de Duchess she comes chasin' along all togged

out in er dinky little hat wid fedders, an' er cloak wid fur rims onto it, what Miss Fannie had give 'er, an' she looks like she was made up fer de matinee. I knowed Miss Fannie didn't want de Duchess chasin' along wid us in dat harness, but she don't never jaw nobody; so de tree of us goes down t' de mission, an' I had t' tump a gang er kids de first ting fer yellin', 'Pipe de dago fairy!' when dey got onto de Duchess.

"Well, at de mission, Miss Fannie, she got de names and where dey lives, of some ole womin wot didn't know where t'ell dey 'd git de grub t' keep dem outter de morgue.

"Say, wot d' ye tink? De first place wot Miss Fannie says we'd go wid de grub was er ole woman wot uster let me sleep in 'er room sometimes wen I didn't have no odder place t' sleep. Say, dat drove me crazy, 'cause I knowed Miss Fannie'd ketch me in er lie dere.

"Well, say, wen wese all chased up de stairs t' de room wot de ole woman lives in, dere she wus cookin' er tea an' 'er steak over de fire, an' er lookin' as fit as er tree-times winner. Miss Fannie she looks s'prised, but only says she's fetched 'er grub, an' den dat ole womin went an' gives me dead away.

"'Sure,' says she, bowin' an' grinnin' at de

Duchess, tinkin' she was Miss Fannie 'cause of de harness she wored, 'sure, Miss Fannie,' she says, 'it's good ye are t' come an' see me, after sendin' me de money by Chimmie last night,' she says. See?

"Hold yer mug, ye onresonable ole hag," I says t'er, fer I was dead sore 'cause she was peachin' on me. "Hold yer mug," I says.

"Say, yuse know how dem ole womin talks when dey gits goin'. Ye couldn't put 'em out wid er fire engine; an' she went jawin' on, talkin' t' de Duchess. 'Chimmie tole me ye sent de money,' she says, 'an' it saved me from freezin' an starvin', an' 'e tole me wot er beautiful young loidy ye was, but 'e didn't say half ernough,' says she.

"Den Miss Fannie, she looks at me kinder queer, and she says, says she, speakin' kinder soft like, wot makes 'er mug all broke up, an' 'e can't say nottin', kinder, she says; 'I guess it's Chames wot otter get yer tanks,' says she, an' de ole woman didn't know wot t'ell, cause she taut Miss Fannie was de maid an' de Duchess was Miss Fannie, an' 'er course she couldn't tumble t' de game, bein' kinder loony anyhow, wid havin' too much rheumatiz an' not ernough grub an' fire.

"Den I tole de ole woman dat she was er chitterin' ole magpipe, an' dat de Duchess wasn't Miss

Fannie, but only a dago ijit wot had no more sense dan t' go chasin' 'roun de slums in better close dan 'er mistress, I says t' er. 'Wot t'ell,' I says, like dat. See?

"I was dat crazy wid bein' foun' out dat I guess I was talkin' troo me hat, but Miss Fannie she looked at me wid 'er big eyes dat way wot makes yer have t' talk kinder rough or yer can't talk 't all. See? I hadn't done notin', anyhow; only jes t' take some er dat boodle wot we done outter dat lobbyist mug in Albany an' give it ter de ole woman fer de lodgin' wot she uster give me when I didn't have none.

"Den Miss Fannie she took outer de basket some er dat soft red grub wot's in dinky little jars, an' sweet, an' opens it, an' fixes up de teatable, an' makes de Duchess an' me hustle roun' cleanin' tings; an she's er talkin' an' er singin' all de time, 'till de shaky ole woman was er talkin' an' er laughin', like she'd allus had plenty er grub, an' didn't have no rheumatiz t' keep 'er from workin' for more.

"Well, we went chasin' roun' de slums 'till dark, an' Miss Fannie seed I was dead sore at bein' foun' out and never jawed me 't all, but jes jollied me and said I was a bully boy.

"Say, er course dat made me feel like er peach,

an' sides dat de Duchess was er goin' wid me dat evenin' t' de Park t' see de swells er skatin', so when I seed 'er in de room where all de help eats I says t'er, says I: 'Duchess, are ye wid me t'night?'

"Say, she gives me er look like she wanted ter give me er poke in de eye wid er stick, an' she says: 'No, Meester Chames,' says she, 'no, I'm goin' out wid er gent,' she says.

"Den all de help wot was dere, eatin' dere dinner, dey gives me de laugh.

"Den I says t'er: 'Wot's de matter wid me bein' er gent?' says I, like dat. 'Wot t'ell?' I says. See?

"'Gents don't tell loidies dey is dago ijits like yuse tole me,' she says. 'I'm goin' out wid Meester Hobbs,' says she, meanin' dat mug wot's 'is Wiskers's valley. Den dey all gives me anoder laugh.

"Say, I was paralyzed, dead paralyzed. I taut I was er peach, an' I was nottin' but er farmer; for she done me dat hard in front er all de help dat I come near losin' me nerve. But all of er suddint I catches Maggie's eye, wot's de housemaid I was er tellin' yer of, an' I gets up and says, says I: 'Maggie, me dear,' I says, 'Maggie, I owes yer a apology. It was yuse I ast ter go t' see de swells er

skatin', an' I come near forgettin'. If ye'll grant me pardin', says I, usin' all dem dude langwudge, cause dat makes de Duchess crazy, she bein' forn, 'if ye'll grant me pardin', we'll go ter de Concert Hall, 'stid er de Park, an' hear de "Man in de Moon," an' have some mixed ale,' I says, bein' as dude as a acter.

"Say, Maggie is er peach, an' dat goes. She was on t' de game wid bote feet in er minnit.

"'Wid pleasure, Chimmie,' says she, givin' de Duchess de laugh, 'cause she's dead sore on 'er; 'wid pleasure, Mr. Fadden, I'll go t' de theayter, fer only common flat servants goes t' watch de skaters.'

"Say, ain't dat Maggie er peach? De Duchess was dead crazy, an' Hobbs nearly had er fit when I says t'im, I says: 'Hobbs, me boy,' says I, 'if yuse an' de Duchess wants t' ride out in de stage, I'll lend yer half er case, fer I've more boodle dan I can spend,' I says.

"Well, all de help turned de laugh on de Duchess and de valley, and I tumbled dat de Duchess was jess as sore as me, but dat don't do Chimmie Fadden no good.

"Maggie's er peach, an' she talks straight English, like me, but she ain't de Duchess.

"Say, it's funny 'bout dose tings; I don't know

wedder I was de sorest 'cause de Duchess didn't go wid me, er 'cause she did go wid Hobbs, er wot t'ell. But I learned one ting sure; if dere's er woman in de game yuse wanter keep yer eye peeled all de time, fer if yer snooze—why, when yer wakes up yer ain't in it. Dat's right."

THE DUCHESS ON THE BOWERY.

“SAY, what d’ye tink I done? I took de Dutchess t’ de Roseleaf Social Outin’ an’ Life-Savin’ Club’s dance. Sure! Don’t ye know dat club? Say, yuse otter get ’quainted in ’siaty. Dat’s one er de swellest clubs down where I uster live, but I never taut I’d get er invite ter its dance. I’m gettin’ up in de world, sure, an’ I’ll be outter sight if I keeps on. De Roseleafs in winter dey dances, an’ in summer dey has picnics on dose barges what gits towed up de river, wid mixed ale. Dat’s wot makes it social an’ dat’s wot makes it outin’. See? Wot makes it life savin’ is ’cause no gents can pack no gun nor no knife t’ de dance, nor t’ de outin’. Dat’s right, ain’t it? De club is high-toned, an’ I’m givin’ it t’ye straight.

“Well, I was tellin’ ye: I met er mug wot’s er barkeep on de Bow’ry, wot I uster know before ’e got high-toned, an’ now ’e knows me again ’cause I got high-toned, an’ ’e says t’ me, ’e says: ‘Chimmie,’ says ’e, like I was er old pal, ’e says: ‘Chimmie, would yuse like er invite t’ de Roseleaf dance?’ ’e says. See?

“Why, ‘sure,’ I says, ‘sure. Wot’s de damage?’

“‘Fifty cents fer hat check,’ ‘e says, ‘an’ mixed ale five cents er glass fer wot ye order.’

“‘Does one hat check take in er loidy?’ I says, cause I’m onto dem mugs. See?

“‘Sure,’ says ‘e, an’ I says dat goes; tinkin’ I’d take de Duchess an’ paralyze dose mugs dead.

“Well, dat’s wot she done. Lemme tell ye. De Duchess an’ me was dead sore ’cause of me stringin’ ’er dat time wot I took Maggie t’ de teayter. ‘Member? When I says t’ ’er, says I, ‘Duchess, will ye go t’ de Roseleaf dance wid me?’ she says, ‘De ye mean me, er de ye mean Madmosell Maggie?’ which is wot she calls Maggie, bein’ forn.

“So I jollies ’er an’ tells ’er dat de Roseleafs was a corker wot Maggie wasn’t good ’nough fer, an’ she says she’d go, an’ promises t’ borry de valley’s spiketail coat fer me.

“Say, yer otter seen me! I was up t’ de limit, only de coat fitted me too much. De sleeves was over me fists, an’ de tails was outter sight.

“But, holy gee! I wasn’t in it ’longside de Duchess. Ye’d had er fit ter seen ’er. It was like dis: Miss Fannie had ’er dress made wid dem hoops wot mebbe yuse heard tell of, ’an she wored it onct, but ’is Wiskers, dat’s Miss Fannie’s fadder, ’e near died er laughin’ when ’e seed it, an’ ’e

strings 'er so dat she never wored it no more, but gives it t' de Duchess. See?

“Say, when de Duchess snook outter de house dat night an' met me 'roun de corner I taut er balloon was chasin' me.

“‘Duchess,’ I says, when I could talk fer laughin’, ‘Duchess, dere’ll be er riot at de Roseleaf if yer goes in dem togs,’ I says.

“‘T’ell wid de Roseleaf,’ says she, only not in dose words, but in ‘er forn words wot means dat. ‘Wot t’ell,’ she says. ‘If dose Roseleaf don’t knows wots der fashion, I’ll learn ‘em,’ she says.

“Dere’s some style ‘bout de Duchess, I’m tellin’ ye, an’ I was stuck on ‘er grit; so we chases ourselves down t’ de hall where de dance was. Dey was all dere when we got dere, an,’ say, if de King an’ Queen of England had er waltzed in, de Roseleafs couldn’t been no more paralyzed. Dey was dead paralyzed, I’m tellin’ ye.

“De band, wot was er pianner an ‘er fiddle, had just started when me friend, de barkeep, wot was goin’ ter lead de march, ‘e stopped de music, an’ ‘e says: ‘Loidies and gents,’ says ‘e, ‘dis is Mister Chimmie Fadden and ‘is loidy fren’; Mr. Fadden and loidy, de Roseleaf, loidies an’ gents,’ ‘e says.

“Wid dat de Duchess she gives ‘em er bow wot killed ‘em dead.

"Say, ye otter seen it. It was like er loidy out on top er de stage. Sure.

"Den me friend, de barkeep, 'e says: 'Mr. Fadden an' 'is loidy fren' will lead,' 'e says.

"Say, I taut I'd go tru de floor; but de Duchess she gives me er brace, an' we chases off wid de band er playin' an' all de gang chasin' after us, an' de Duchess steered 'em 'roun' like dey never was steered, an' 'stid er stringin' de Duchess, like I taut dey would, dey gives 'er de greatest game er jolly ye ever seed. Wese was in it, and dat's straight.

"I can't dance dose dinky dances wot dey dance in games like dat, only jigs I can dance, dat's all; so me fren, de barkeep, waltzes off wid de Duchess after de march, an' I takes er glass er mixed ale wid de barkeep's loidy fren'. Den de Duchess an' de barkeep comes up and he sets 'em up, an' de whole gang er mugs chases up dere an' nods t' de Duchess fer de nex' dance, like dey do, but she wasn't on ter wot t'ell dey meaned, an' she jes nods back. See? Dat's wot made trouble. Well, den dere was er riot, sure. Every mug she nodded ter taut dat he'd collared de nex' dance, an' when de band started de music, all de mugs holds out der hands an' de Duchess was paralyzed, bein' forn an' not tumblin'. In er minute dey was all

scrappin' beautiful, an' de Duchess made me make
er sneak outter de hall wid 'er, dough I wanted ter
take 'er hand in der scrap de worst way, so as I
wouldn't seem stuck up."

A STUDIO, A CIGARETTE, AND CUPID.

“SAY, I’m feelin’ like er tree-times winner; up t’ de limit, an’ stayin’ dere wid bote feet. Sure. De Duchess an’ me is goin’ t’ get hitched, an’ I’m goin’ ter be Mr. Burton’s man, wot’s de mug wot’s Miss Fannie’s felly. Dat’s right. When? Say, lemme tell ye: Miss Fannie and dat mug, Mr. Burton, is goin’ t’ get married an’ den de Duchess an’ me gets married, so as ter take care er dem. See? Mr. Burton’s de mug wot fixed de job, ‘cause ‘e’s been kinder stuck on me since dat time when I squared de game wid him an’ ‘is Whiskers, wot’s Miss Fannie’s fadder.

“It all happened along wid Miss Fannie gettin’ ‘er picture took by one er dem artis’ wot paints tings wid paint. Say, dose mugs, dose artis’ mugs, is er slick gang. All dey does is ter muss some paint on er board, and den dey puts it on er dinky piece er cloth, like er big wipe, an’ hully gee! wot de ye tink, dey buncos suckers fer doin’ dat! Say, I ain’t stringin’ ye fer Miss Fannie tole me, an’ wot she says goes, or I gets licked. Dey gets two hun., tree hun., five hun., an’, dis is straight, sometimes er tousan’ plunks.

"I tink I'll learn dat trade meself, one er dese days.

"Well, I was tellin' ye. 'Is Wiskers tole Miss Fannie t' go t' one er dem mugs an' get 'er picture took, so 'e could have it on de wall when she chases 'erself off wid Mr. Burton an' don't live to home no more.

"Den she gets one er de dresses wot 'er modder wored, wot's dead, an' de Duchess puts it in er box, and wese all goes down t' de artis' joint in de carriage. De Duchess chases up wid Miss Fannie fer t' dress 'er, an' I chases up after dem wid de dress in de box, an' when I gets dere I says t' meself, says I, 'Chimmie,' I says, 'if yuse know er good ting when ye gets it, ye wants t' make er sneak from de coachman an' stay right here where it's warm, stid er goin' down dere on de street an' stringin' de coachman where it's cold. See?'

"While de Duchess was dressin' Miss Fannie in de dressin' room I was pipin' off de artis' joint, an' 'e was pipin' off me.

"Dose artis' is all forn mugs. Dey comes from forn parts wot is called Bohemia, 'cause de Duchess tole me dey was all Bohemians.

"I don't know jes where dat forn part is, but dey must be all great scrappers dere, fer de mug

had guns, an' pistols, an' knives, an' clubs hung up on de wall wot I s'pose 'e scrapped wid to home before 'e learned dat bunco trade. See? Den dere was banjos, an' fiddles, an' beer schooners, an' pipes, an' I don't know wot t'ell dere wasn't. Standin' roun' on sawbucks, dere was lots er dose dinky pictures wot de mug painted wid paint, like wot ye see in de beer joints on de Bowery, only not so pretty; an' dere was no doors, only carpets hung up.

"When de artis' seed me pipin' off 'is game 'e says ter me, says 'e, 'Wot's yer name, me boy?' 'e says. 'Chimmie Fadden,' I says, 'an' I taut I'd stay up here, havin' rumatiz bad in me knee, wot gets worse when I sits on de box wid de coachman,' I says, stringin' im. See?

"Oh," 'e says, 'I heerd tell er yuse,' says 'e, 'from Mr. Burton,' 'e says, wot's Miss Fannie's felly. 'Yuse can stay in de back room wid de maid,' says 'e, 'if Miss Fannie don't care.'

"Den 'e pipes me off wid 'is eyes kinder half shut. See? An' 'e says sometin' 'bout me bein' er good type.

"I don't know jes wat 'e meant, but when 'e says 'type' dat kinder put me on ter 'is game, an' I says, says I: 'Are yuse one er dose mugs wat takes tintypes at Coney Island in de summer?'

Seein' as how 'is game was takin' pictures, I taut dat was right. See?

"Den I taut 'e'd die er laughin', dough I don't know wat t'ell 'e was laughin' 'bout, 'less 'e taut I was a stringin' of 'im.

"Yuse can't tell 'bout wot forn folks is tinkin' of, but if 'e was forn he speaked English jes as good as me.

"Den 'e gives me er cigarette, an' says dat 'e's glad ter find I was—dis is 'is very word—dat I was as 'crackristic, 'as Mr. Burton said I was.

"Say, wot t'ell! Did yuse ever hear such lang-wudge like dat? I was tinkin' ought I ter slug 'im fer it, when de Duchess chases in an' says dat Miss Fannie was ready fer 'im. Den 'e goes in ter big room, where dere was lots er light, an' where Miss Fannie had went too, an' 'e begins ter take her picture.

"De Duchess an' me we peeked tru de carpet wot hung where dere wasn't no door, an' I seed Miss Fannie.

"Say, yuse never seed nothin' like she looked. I don't tink dat dose angels wot she tells de mission kids erbout ain't no more beautifuller dan she was, standin' by de side er a harp, wot's er kind er big dago banjo, wot she plays fer 'is Wiskers, wot 'er modder uster play.

“De artis’ mug stood behind er patch er cloth wot was on er kinder ladder, an’ ‘e was paintin’ t’ beat ‘ell.

“Pretty soon de Duchess wispered t’ me would I give ‘er a cigarette, an’ I pinched one from de artis’ box, an’ we sits down on er soffer an’ de Duchess, she says, kinder pipin’ off ‘er cigarette smoke ’stid er me, say she: ‘Did yer ast Mr. Burton yet for t’ take yuse fer ‘is man?’ she says.

“Den I says ‘No,’ I says. ‘Wot t’ell,’ I says. ‘Wot fer?’

“Say, she give me er look like I was er farmer, er dead farmer; but den she says, makin’ eyes again at ‘er cigarette, she says: ‘How will yuse be wid me,’ says she, ‘when Mr. Burton an’ Miss Fannie is married, ‘less yuse go along as ‘is man? See?’

“Say, den I tumbled; an’ I tumbled so hard it jolted all de breathe outter me body. I couldn’t open me mout. Down where I uster live I was de boss jollier wid de chippies, but dis time I was nottin but er farmer.

“De Duchess she give me er look wot paralyzed me worsen before, an’ den she humped ‘er shoulders like forn folks do, and chased ‘erself roun’ de room makin’ er bluff er piping de pictures.

“Dat’s de way we was when Mr. Burton chased

in, an' 'e says tru de carpet door, 'Can I come in?' Den Miss Fannie she says tru de carpet, 'No, yer can't,' she says. But 'e begs, an' she lets 'im in, an' den I heard dem all laughing when de artis' tells dem 'bout me astin' 'im did 'e take tintypes at Coney Island.

"'Yes,' says de Duchess, 'yuse can talk fast 'nough t' everybody but me,' she says. 'Go down t' de carriage where yuse belong,' she says, an' she chases 'erself inter de dressin' room.

"Dat's de way I comes to tackle Mr. Burton. I nailed 'im dat night when 'e comes t' our house, before 'e got in, an' I says t' 'im, says I: 'I'm looking for a job wid yuse,' I says. 'If I gits de job wid yuse I gits hitched t' de Duchess, an' if I don't I goes crazy,' I says.

"'E taut er while, an' den 'e says: 'Well, Chimmie, says 'e, 'yuse done me er good trick when yuse squared me wid Miss Fannie's fadder,' says 'e, 'an' if Miss Fannie says so, it goes.'

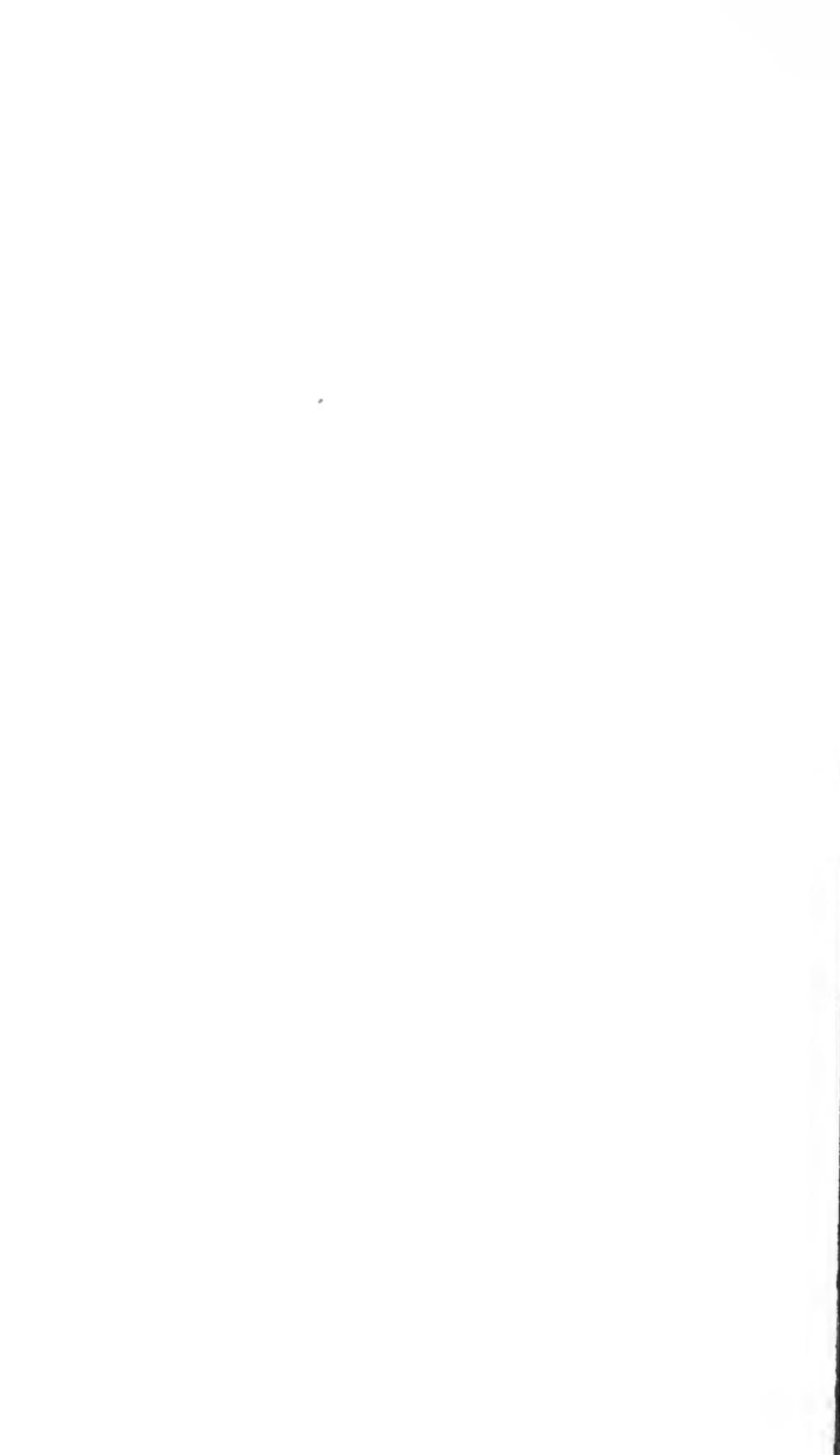
"'Yer dead on dere,' says I. 'If she says so it goes, sure.'

"I don't know wot kinder game Mr. Burton gives Miss Fannie, er wot Miss Fannie says t' de Duchess, but de nex' day de Duchess comes t' me an' she says: 'So yuse is goin' t' be Mr. Burton's man,' says she.

“Den I takes ei big brace an’ I says, ‘Not on yer life, Duchess, says I; ‘not on yer life, wid-out I’m yer man first,’ I says, an’ dat’s wot I said. See?

“Den de Duchess she turns red, an’ she says it’ll be all right when I learns to talk English; but dat’s only ’er way er jollyin’ me, ’cause if dere’s one ting ’bout me wot’s up t’ de limit, it’s me English. See?”

CHIMMIE AND THE DUCHESS MARRY.



“LONG time since ye seen me? Cert. Don’t ye know de reason? Why, I was married. Sure. I knowed ye’d die when I tole ye. Yes, it was de Duchess; I guess ye knowed dat. Well, lemme tell ye. It was de corkin’est weddin’ dere ever was, wid such mugs as me an’ de Duchess doin’ de principal event er de evenin’.

“Say, I never taut dere was so much flim-flam ’bout gettin’ ready to be married. I near got de rattles onct, an’ was goin’ t’ make de gran’ sneak; but I took er brace, ’cause I was tinkin’ dat if I snook, dat it would queer Miss Fannie’s game, an’ I wouldn’t queer Miss Fannie’s game if I had t’ set up er funeral ’stid er a weddin’.

“Well, de first fake wot paralyzed me was de Duchess sayin’ dere must be wot she called er marriage contract. Say, it was worse dan gettin’ outter jail on bail. I guess wese wouldn’t be married yet if it wasn’t fer Mr. Burton, wot’s Miss Fannie’s felly. ’E an’ Miss Fannie, dey was bote near crazy ’bout our weddin’, and was fussin’ ’bout it more dan dey is ’bout dere own.

“Well, Mr. Burton ’e sent fer me an’ tells me t’ come t’ ’is chambers. ’E says t’ me, says ’e,

‘Chames,’ ‘e says, ‘come dis evenin’ t’ me chambers. I calls me ‘partments me chambers fer dis ‘casion only,’ says ‘e, givin’ me de wink, ‘cause dis is er legal matter, an’ in de ten years I’ve been ‘mitted t’ de bar,’ says ‘e, ‘dis is de first time I ever had er case.’

“Dose was ‘is very words, wot’s de way ‘e talks wen ‘e’ is jollyin’, which ‘e mostly is.

“So dat night I chases meself t’ ‘is rooms, an’, say, ye otter see dem tings ‘e’s got. It’s worse dan dat artis’ mug’s studio wot I was tellin’ ye of. Dere was pelts an’ hides an’ skins an’ furs an’ guns an’ swords an’ boxin’ gloves an’ dinky pipes, wot dey smokes in schools in forn parts where Mr. Burton was, an’ steins an’ pictures, an’ more tings dan dere is in er store.

“‘Well,’ ‘e says t’ me, perlite as a acter, says ‘e, ‘Mr. Fadden,’ ‘e says, ‘dis evenin’ yuse is me client, an’ not Miss Fannie’s footman, which ‘fords me de op’tunity of offerin’ ye er glass er whiskey an’ water an’ a cigarette, which I am tole is de first ting t’ do in beginnin’ de practice of de law. Havin’ somewhat neglected me practice, I may be permitted t’ offer ye two glasses er whiskey an’ water if yuse is so disposed,’ says ‘e.

“Say, did ye ever hear such langwudge like dat? Ain’t ‘e er chim-dandy?

“Den ’e goes on an’ gives me er long song an’ dance ’bout as how Hortense, wot’s de Duchess, bein’ French, she has dinky notions ’bout marriage contracts, an’ as how ’e is ’er lawyer as well as mine. Says ’e: ‘Bein’ de lawyer fer bote sides in ’er case is not ’cordin’ t’ de strick rules er practice,’ ’e says, ‘but er strugglin’ young barester like me,’ says ’e, givin’ me de wink, ‘must be permitted t’ cut bait while de sun shines.’

“Say, did ye ever hear such er jollier like ’im? ’E’s up t’ de limit. Sure. I tink ’e was havin’ fun wid ’imself as well as jollyin’ me.

“Den he says: ‘Hortense comes t’ ye wid one tousan’ dollars. De ye raise de ante, or de ye only see it, an’ call de loidy?’

“Say, den I was dead paralyzed. I taut de Duchess was makin’ a farmer of me. I felt like er quitter. Sure. I says t’ ’im, says I, ‘Wot t’ell!’ says I, like dat, I says: ‘Wot t’ell!’ ’cause I couldn’t say nottin’ else. ‘Wot t’ell!’ See? Den I scraped tru me pockets, an’ all I could cough up was sixty-five cents.

“Mr. Burton looked at it, an’ all of er suddint he jumped up an’ went in er nodder room. ’E must have had er fit in dere er sometin’, from de noises. Wen ’e comes back ’e had on er dinky white wig wid er tail t’ it an’ ’er blue bag in ’is hand wid

papers in it. 'E was as sober as er Judge in de Tombs when he says: 'Our case is not so bad as it looks. In fact, I would not just say it is a case of wot t'ell. Yuse have never drawed no wages from Miss Fannie,' 'e says.

"'No,' I says. 'She gives me room, me grub, an' me close. Ain't dat ernough?' says I.

"'She tinks not,' says 'e, 'an' wid 'er help at figurin', in which I never took no prize', 'e says, 'I find dat dere is one hundred an' fifty dollars wages comin' ye which she 'as saved for ye.'

"Say, dat broke me all up, 'cause I never taut I was wort more dan me keep; but I couldn't say nottin', an' Mr. Burton 'e goes on an' 'e says: 'Miss Fannie's fadder, dat time ye licked de villan wot 'sulted Miss Fannie, 'er fadder put \$500 in de bank fer ye, and I figure dat dat makes \$650,' 'e says.

"Well, I was knocked silly, an' Mr. Burton 'e got up an' went in de odder room again, an' comes back wid er long black kinder nightgown on. 'E sets down again, and says: 'Bein' de 'torney in de case for yuse an' Hortense an' Miss Fannie an' 'er fadder, I feel dat de dignity of de position requires all de legal fixins, which is why I wears de gown an' wig.' See?

"Say, de nex' fake was de funniest of all.

‘Hortense,’ says ’e, has ‘sometimes borryed small sums from ye, she tells me.’

“ ’E was meanin’ de times de Duchess pulled me leg fer de boodle wot I touched mugs fer, wot I was tellin’ ye ’bout.

“ ‘Well,’ Mr. Burton goes on, ‘cause I was so silly I couldn’t chip in, an’ ’e says, ‘Hortense has saved up dose sums, an’ dey make \$65 more, which we adds t’ de ante, an’ dat makes \$715,’ says ’e.

“ ‘Hold on,’ says I. ‘Does dat all belong t’ me? Wot t’ell will I do wid it all?’

“ ‘We’ll talk ’bout dat later,’ says ’e. ‘We’re shy on our ante yet. Miss Fannie an’ me,’ says ’e, ‘loans ye ’nough t’ make up de tousan’, an’ ye pays back outter yer wages as me valley.’

“ Den ’e gets out er lot er papers an’ I signs me name, an’ de nex’ day Miss Fannie an’ de Duchess an’ me all chases down t’ Mr. Burton’s rooms, where was er mug dey calls er notry public, an’ ’e asts er lot er questions, an’ fixes dinky red stamps on de papers an’ everybody swears an’ signs names, an’ dat ends de circus.

“ Say, I had t’ pinch meself an’ say ‘Chimmie, is dis yuse, or is ye dreamin?’ ’cause er all de flim-flam, an’ havin’ er tousan plunks, an’ de whole bisness near sets me crazy.

“ Well, de nex’ night was de weddin’. Say, it

was great. Miss Fannie an' Mr. Burton dey was fussin' and fixin' de whole day in dedin in' room, an' jollyin' an' orderin,' an' makin' bluffs at gettin' mad, an' den makin' up, 'till I says t' meself, says I, 'Chimmie, yer not in it.' But den I had t' get busy an' say dose words wot's in de book wot Mr. Burton read, pretendin' 'e was de parson, so's I wouldn't make no bad break when de real weddin' was.

"Well, after dinner all de help, an' de folks, 'is Wiskers, Miss Fannie, an' Mr. Burton, wid de parson, chases in de dinin' room. 'Is 'Wiskers' valley was me second.

"'Bout dat time I didn't know wedder me name was Chames or Dennis. Tings was kinder goin' on widout me.

"All of er suddint de Duchess sails in, wid Maggie de maid chasin' after 'er. Say, ye should er seen 'er! She was all rigged out in white, wid flowers on 'er head, an' er veil er mile long, an' she was er wonder, sure.

"Miss Fannie gives 'er a smile, an' 'is Wiskers steps up an' hands er over t' where me an' de parson was, an' so we was married.

"After de parson was all tru, wot de ye tink 'e did? 'E braces up an' gives de Duchess er kiss, an' say, 'is Wiskers waltzes in an' 'e gives 'er er

kiss, an' holy gee! I tink Mr. Burton was goin' t' take 'er hand in de game, but Miss Fannie gives 'im er look, den e' didn't.

"Den 'is Wiskers goes up t' de big punch-bowl wot Miss Fannie had fixed wid claret an' oranges an' dose tings, an' de butler passes all hands er glass, an' 'is Wiskers says 'I 'drinks t' Mr. an' Mrs. Chames Fadden,' 'e says.

"All hands drinks, an' den de folks goes away. Miss Fannie she went last, an' when she passed where we was she says t' de Duchess, 'Ye look very pretty, Hortense.'

"She didn't say nottin' t' me, but she shook hands wid me. I was glad she did dat. I never touched her hand before.

"Well, after de folks left, all de help dey began jabberin' an' jollyin' like er lot er dinky magpies, an' makin' speeches, an' gettin' funny, till ye couldn't rest.

"'Is Wiskers sent fer de butler an' tole 'im not t' let de punch bowl get empty, an' 'e never did, but 'e had t' keep 'imself busy. Sure.

"After dat we started on our weddin' journey. Say, dat was great. It was t' Niag'ra Falls. Ever hear er dem? Say, I'd only been t' Coney Island an' Albany before, an' I taut de Pacific Ocean was only er little way furder dan de Harlem

River; but, holy gee! ye don't get no more dan started wen ye cross de Harlem.

"Can't tell ye 'bout dat trip now, 'cause I've got t' go an' help Mr. Burton get ready fer 'is weddin'. Tell ye 'bout de trip some odder time. S'long."

'ER GRACE, DE DUCHESS OF FADDEN.

“I WAS goin’ t’ tell ye ’bout our weddin’ journey, wot de Duchess an’ me took when wese was married. Say, it was up t’ de limit an’ near outer sight.

“We started like wese was just goin’ ’cross de Harlem, only it was in er car wot has bunks in it, wid er coon t’ let down de bunks an’ make up de beds.

“Dere was er lot er mugs an’ womin an’ kids in de car, an’ I was tinkin’ where dey was all goin’ t’ sleep, when de Duchess tole me ’bout de bunks. I taut if wese was all goin’ t’ sleep like in de cars when ye come home on de late train from Coney Island, wese might as well stopped t’ home and saved our boodle.

“Say, de train wasn’t outter de depot before all de folks in de car was dead onto us, an’ kinder givin’ us de laugh, an’ I says to de Duchess, I says, ‘Wot t’ell?’ I says, ‘wot t’ell?’ like dat, ’cause I was feelin’ like I was er farmer; but I oughten t’ feel like er farmer, ’cause I had on me best close, an’ de Duchess—say, ye otter seed de Duchess! she was er wonder! Dere wasn’t er woman in de car was dressed like ’er. Sure.

"When I asked 'er why was all de folks pipin' us off so, she said because I had me arm 'round 'er waist, an' was jollyin' 'er so.

"Say, dat give me 'er fit, an' I says t' er, says I, 'Duchess,' I says out loud, so dat er dude in de next seat could hear me wot had lost half of 'is eyeglasses an' was pipin' us off wid only one glass up t' 'is eye; I says, 'Duchess, if I feels like puttin' me arm 'round yer waist, I'll put it dere if I has t' tump every dude in de car,' an' t' show I was makin' no bluff I gives 'er a kiss as square as ever ye seed.

"Say, dat dude must 'er lost sometin' outter de car, fer 'e turned an' looked outter de window, an' 'e never looked nowhere else till 'e went t' bed.

"De Duchess she made er bluff at kickin', but she wasn't kickin' very hard, fer wot I says an' does goes wid de Duchess, 'cept 'bout boodle. She runs de money end. Sure. I ain't in it when it comes t' de boodle, but in all de odder games I'm er dead easy winner.

"Well, we went ridin' along, an' ridin' along, till I kinder taut we'd be runnin' in ter de Pacific Ocean if we didn't pull up; an' den de coon comes up an' says do we want de bert made up.

"I don't know wot it was dat made de Duchess so mad, but I taut she'd slug dat coon—de porter

dey calls 'im—'cause 'e asks us first, before any of de odder folks, would we have our bunk made up. Say, I didn't see no 'casion fer a scrap, so I says to de porter, says I, 'Seein' as how dere ain't no tee-a-ter t' go to,' I says, 'an' dere ain't no more meals t' eat, an' as I fergot t' order de band 'round t' play, yuse may as well get busy an' make up de bunk,' I says t' 'im, like dat, I says. See?

"Den all de folks dey laughed fit t' kill dere-selvs, 'cept dat dude, who was lookin' out of 'is window like 'e hadn't found wot 'e'd lost yet. De Duchess she laughed, too, an' said I was er little beast, only she didn't say it like she had er mad on.

"Well, de next mornin' wese was in Niag'ra, an' we got in a bus wot took us to de hotel wot Mr. Burton, Miss Fannie's felly, told me t' go to.

"When we got t' de hotel er mug tells me t' register our names on er big book wot was in de office, an' den I near had er fit, fer de Duchess has de craziest name ye ever seed, an' I never could spell it in a tousand years. But I tinks t' meself, I tinks, 'Wot t'ell!' I tinks, I'll make er grand bluff an' dey'll never tumble,' so I braces up t' de register an' writes: 'Duchess,' bold as er writin' teacher, an' den I writes 'Hortense,' 'cause

I can spell dat straight, an' den I was stuck, so I just writes 'La V—' bold, an' scriggled er lot er dinky letters clear 'cross de page, an' on de next line I writes me name clear as print.

"De mug behind de counter, wot was de hotel clerk, 'e turns de book 'round an' 'e near has er fit, an' begins scrapin' an' bowin' an' says perlite as er acter, 'e says: 'How long will de Duchess Ortons La-um-t'ra-ra stay here?' 'e says, like dat, 'De Duchess Ortons La-um-t'ra-ra.' See? Makin' er bluff at de last name 'cause 'e couldn't read me writin. See? 'De Duchess,' I says as perlite as im 'cause I wasn't onto 'is game, so I played light, says I, 'De Duchess leaves dis evenin',' I says.

"Sorry she can't stay longer,' 'e says; "spose she's hurrin' on t' Chicago, like de rest. Where is 'er suite?" says 'e.

"Oh, 'er suite is kinder chasin' dereselfs,' I says, careless like.

"Bein' entertained by de Committee of One Hundred?" 'e says.

"Say, I taut first 'e might be stringin' me, but 'e was perlite all de time, so I just lit er cigarette an' looked knowin' 'till I could get onto 'is game.

"Den 'e yells out, 'Front! Show de Duchess up t' parlor one,' an' all de kids in buttons near

breaks dere necks yankin' me baggage upstairs an' chasin' after de Duchess t' fetch 'er up stairs; an' de clerk says t' me: 'Will 'er Grace breakfast in 'er room?"

"'Wot Grace?' says I.

"'De Duchess,' says 'e.

"'Cert,' says I. 'She'll breakfast dere, an' so will I.'

"'You're 'er American coorior, I 'spose,' says 'e, an' I says 'e was er clever young man t' find it out, dough wot t'ell 'e'd found out I couldn't tumble to.

"Den all de mugs in de office began sneakin' up t' de register an' lookin' at wot I'd writ dere, an' dey was all near havin' a fit over it. I was 'fraid somebody would ask me t' spell de name out, so I chased meself upstairs, an', holy gee! dere was de Duchess in de swellest rooms in de house, wid er gang of servants settin' de table, an' puttin' flowers in de room, an' scraping an' bowin', an' askin' wot t'ell could dey do fer 'er Grace.

"Say, de Duchess is er dead sport, an' she was just lookin' grand an' sayin' nottin', but when I comes in she takes me in de nex' room an' asks wot game I'd been up to. I told 'er de whole game from de start, an' when I wus done she taut er while, an' den she nearly dies laughin', an'

says she tumbles t' de whole racket. She said de clerk had mistook 'er for one er dem forn queens wot was goin' to Chicago, where dey is havin' er big blowout for Columbus, er sometin'.

"But why didn't ye put me name down on de register proper?" she says.

"I couldn't spell your dinky name," I says.

"Den she yelled murder wid laughin', and near rolled off 'er chair. 'Me name is Mrs. Fadden,' says she. 'Can't ye spell dat?'

"Say, I'm er farmer if I ever taut er dat before. It just knocked me silly t' tink er de Duchess bein' named Fadden.

"Hortense Fadden is me name," says she, givin' me er kiss.

"I was fer goin' down t' de office an' fixin' tings all right, but de Duchess said not t' be in er hurry 'bout it.

"Well, we had breakfast. Say, ye never seed such er breakfast in all yer life! It was wot de Duchess called 'Dey shunay ah la foorshet,' but it was up t' de limit, just as hard, if it did have er dago name. De funny ting 'bout it was dat we had de coffee at de end 'stid er at de first. I spose I'll have t' learn dose dago tricks now.

"When wese was done de clerk come up an' says would 'er Grace like t' ride t' de Falls, an'

de Duchess made er bluff at not knowin' wot e' said, an' I made er bluff at tellin' 'er in forn talk. I just let out er lot er lingo, an' de Duchess—say, she is er sport, sure—she jabbered back wid-out winkin', an' I says t' de clerk dat de Duchess would go t' de Falls when de carriage was ready.

"Den de clerk said, 'De carriage waits, yer Grace,' an' backed out er de room like 'is pants was tored behind.

"Say, I ain't stringin' ye er little bit. When we went downstairs dere was er victoria wid four horses waitin,' an' de Mayor, or some big mug of de town, got in wid us, an' er lot more chased along behind in carriages.

"I was gettin' rattled, but de Duchess gave me er nudge t' brace; an' I braced. Everyting de mug wid us said I pretended to say in dago t' de Duchess, an' I was tinkin' wot t'ell I'd do if 'e should ring in some dago of 'is own, but 'e never. De Duchess would jaw back in 'er forn talk, an' I'd make er bluff at tellin' de mug wot she said, an' I jollied 'im 'till de seat wasn't big enough t' hold him.

"Well, dey took us everywhere, an' down er dinky slide railroad wot's worse dan de razzle-dazzle at Coney Island, an' blowed us off t' wine an' speeches, an' when we got back de Duchess

told me t' give de big mug er invite t' dinner wid us.

"I was near crazy wid all de jawin' an' de drinkin' an' seein' de mug kiss de Duchess's hand when 'e backed out.

"After dinner it was train time, an' I chased down t' de office an' asks wot's de bill.

"Say, wot de ye tink? Dat clerk says dere was no bill; dat de Government paid de whole shot. Sure!

"I says de Government is er dead sport, an' I tipped all de kids an' waiters an' drivers wot took us t' de train, an' den erway we goes.

"Well, when we was on de car de Duchess says, 'Chames, wot do ye tink of yer wife?' says she.

"'Duchess,' says I, 'er Bowery boy and er French maid is hard t' beat,' I says. See?"

SIR JAMES FADDEN M'FADDEN.

“SAY, didn’t I tell you wese was all comin’ t’ de Fair? Well, de whole gang of us is here; Miss Fannie, Mr. Burton, me, de Duchess, de mug dat stood up wid Mr. Burton, and ’is—his—Whiskers. I taut I’d never find you. Sure.

“What de you tink of de Fair? I tink I’d get stuck on dat Midway, if it wasn’t so far from de Bow’ry. I never knowed dere was so many kinds of dagos in de world, like dere is in dat Midway.

“Did you hear ’bout me scrap dere? Dat’s right. I had a corkin’ good scrap, and done a dago, but de Duchess she done me. Yes, dat’s right. I got a kick in de ribs from dat dago what wasn’t no love tap, but dat didn’t hurt near so much as de Duchess hurted me, and she never touched me. It was just her little joke, but de more I tink of it de more I tink wot t’ell.

“Wait ’till I tell you de whole game from de start, ’cause it made me dead sore and p’raps it’ll take de sore outter me t’ jaw ’bout it.

“It was de day before de Derby, what’s de big race dey has here, like de Brooklyn Handicap, only dey calls it de Derby,’ cause all de men has t’ wear Derby hats ’stead of straw hats, for if you

trow a straw hat up in de air when de race is over
it comes down black from de smoke dey make t'
keep de sun from paralyzing you. See?

“Well, dat evenin’ Miss Fannie and Mr. Burton was goin’ out t’ eat dinner wid a mug Mr. Burton was to school wid, who has t’ live here ’cause his fadder won’t give him no plunks to live nowhere else wid. After I’d dressed Mr. Burton, and de Duchess she’d dressed Miss Fannie, den dat mug what stood up wid Mr. Burton, de small bottle mug what I was tellin’ you ’bout, what dey calls Paul and I calls Mr. Paul, cause his odder name is two long names wid a stop in de middle, what I can’t say straight, he says t’ me, says he: ‘Chimmie,’ he says, sober like a Police Justice, ‘Chimmie, I’m goin’ t’ expand me mind wid useful ’formation, and distend me stommick wid coolin’ bevedges’—dem’s his very langwudges—‘on de Midway,’ says he, ‘dis evenin’,’ he says. ‘If yuse can tear yourself from Hortense,’ says he, meanin’ de Duchess, ‘an’ come wid me as friend, philos’pher, and guide,’ he says, never makin’ a break wid dem dude words, just like a actor, ‘you can pay de bills outer me wad and keep de change,’ says he.

“I was tinkin’ de Duchess would make a kick
’bout me goin’ out dere widout her, so I strings

her a little. I gives her a song and dance 'bout wantin' t' go t' de race track and see a stable boy I knowed and get a pointer on de Derby. But de Duchess, she never kicked; only told me t' chase meself home before mornin' and she'd square it wid Mr. Burton when he come home.

"Dat was dead easy, so me and Mr. Paul we chases ourselves out t' de Midway on de cable train: what runs like a hurry-call amb'lance.

"First we goes t' de joint what dey calls Old Vienna for dinner, and when I asks de boss where was de servants' table, meanin' t' go dere, Mr Paul he says quick, 'Our servant won't be here,' says he, 'I sent him home.'

"Den he tells me t' sit down wid him and dine, and he says: 'Chimmie, you're not here to-night as a servant, but as a doctor. You're curin' my blues wid de sight of sometin' dat looks like New York,' says he.

"Well, we was eatin' our grub wid plenty of beer, 'cause dey didn't have no mixed ale, sittin' out in a tent widout no sides to it, wid a band playin' alongside, when Mr. Paul all of a suddint grabbed me and whispers: 'Here's some mugs comin' I want t' string. Get on to me game quick and jolly along as I tip you.'

"Say, dat's de kind of langwudge I'm dead onto,

and Mr. Paul can talk it like he was borned on de Bow'ry. I didn't know what was comin', so I just cocked me eye and ear t' get onto de lay.

"In a second dere was two mugs a shakin' hands wid Mr. Paul, and askin' why hadn't he let dem knew he was in town. Den Mr. Paul he gave me de game widout lookin' or winkin' at me. He says t' em: "I've been so busy showin' de Fair t' me friend, Sir Chames, I ain't had no time."

"Say, when he says dat 'Sir Chames,' dose mugs near had a fit.

"Den Mr. Paul says, 'Let me present you t' Sir Chames Fadden McFadden of Castle Fadden McFadden, County Galway.'

"Den he gave dem bote a knockdown t' me by dere names, and dey scraped and bowed and guffed, and I only said 'aw,' see? Like dat; 'aw,' cause I wanted a minute t' tink, and I taut. Pretty soon I seed de tip was dat word 'Galway,' what's de name dey call de kind of whiskers de Irish likes, so I knowed I was to be Irish.

"Den bote of de mugs ordered champagne, and bote asked me t' ride t' town wid em in dere carts, what was outside, and bote was 'Sir Chamesing' me t' onct, like dey was dinky parrots, till Mr. Paul says: 'Sir Chames was just tellin' me he 'spected his young and beautiful cousin, Lady Clare

O'Gabblin', t' arrive t'morrow, and was won-d'ring who he'd get t' look after her, as we leaves in a few days. I understood you,' says Mr. Paul, lookin' hard at me, 't' say dat Lady Clare had just come into her fortune,' says he. 'Is it large?'

"Den I says: 'It's up t' de limit,' says I, 'and near outer sight.'

"Mr. Paul laughed like he'd have a fit, and says: 'Me friend, Sir Chames, is studyin' Ameri-can slang, and he uses it all de time when he tinks of it.'

"Den dose dudes dey laughed too, and kept say-in' 'Bah Jove,' and 'I say, you know,' and tellin' how dey'd be tickled t' deat t' look after Lady Clare. By dat time I'd kinder tumbled t' Mr. Paul's game, and I says t' 'em, says I, speakin' like de Irish char'cter on top of de stage: 'Paul, me bye, wud ut be de fair ting t' lave a young and lovely gurrul loike Lady Clare, wid only dese handsome young bucks t' look afther her? Shure,' says I, seein' Mr. Paul couldn't say nothin', for he had one glove shoved in his mout, 'shure, it was yezself oi was wishin' Lady Clare t' fall in love wid, and besthow her millions on; but if dese young devils are frinds on yours, dey may take dere chance in de runnin'.'

"Say, dose two dudes was squirmin', an' dere

eyes was poppin' outter dere heads when I gave dem dat game, and Mr. Paul nearly bursted his-self keepin' his face straight.

“‘I can answer for dese gentlemen,’ says Mr. Paul, after he’d trun tree glasses down his troat. ‘I can answer for dem, for bote have visited New York several times.’

“‘In dat case, den,’ says I, gettin’ up t’ go, for de game was gettin’ pretty hard for me t’ play, and I didn’t want to spcil it, ‘in dat case I’ll make a date wid de gents and put me cousin, Lady Clare, in dere charge. I has t’ go t’ de Oirish village now t’ meet me aunt, de Duchess McFadden-Fadden, who laves for Galway t’-morrow.’

“Mr. Paul tumbled, and he got up too, and we shook hands wid de mugs who promised t’ send me cards t’ dere clubs, and den we chased our-selves out.

“‘I shall only regret dis,’ says Mr. Paul, ‘if dose boys dies of excitement, which I’m afeerd dey’ll do.’

“Den we went into a lot of dose joints on de Midway, where all kinds of dagoes, and coons from Africa and everywhere plays de dinkiest bands you ever seed, and dances wid der bodies ’stid of dere legs. Say, de funniest ting ’bout dem womin

what dances is dat, 'stid of dressin' short from dere feet up, dey dresses short from dere necks down. Mr. Paul said he guessed it was because womin de world over undresses de part of dere bodies dey dances wid. See?

"Well, after we'd done most of de odder joints we went t' de one dey calls de Streets of Cairo. 'Chames,' said Mr. Paul, 'Chames, de motion of de camel settles your dinner, or else it leaves you widout no dinner t' settle. Let us trust t' fate an' take a ride.'

"So we went down t' de end of de street where dere was some camels kneeling on carpets like dey wanted t' put dere heads under somethin' an' take a snooze, and I gives the boss dago, what had flour sacks on his legs and a salt bag on his head, fifty cents for de two of us, and den de odder dagoes what was goin' t' drive our camels made dere bluffs for a nickel apiece. 'What-t'ell,' I says, 'yuse gets your nickel if you brings us back safe,' and dey grinned and says, 'All right, master,' and told us to climb up on de backs of de crazy beasts what was kneeling for us.

"Murder! Holy gee! de next ting you know you was fired front like you'd taken a jump from de Brooklyn Bridge, and den you was

jerked back like a big cop had you by de collar, and den you was slung sideways and bumped up and down 'till de bret was near bounced outer you, and dat was only de camel gettin' up on his loony legs. When he was all up, I felt like I was on top of a mountain what was chasin' itself 'cross de ocean.

“ ‘Are yuse all dere, Chames?’ yelled Mr. Paul from anodder mountain. I told him I was all on deck, and away we went bobbin’ down de street, wid de drivers jabberin’ dere lingo chasin’ alongside.

“ Say, what de tink happened? I’m givin’ it t’ you straight. We was just passin’ by de tee-a-ter when I near fell off me perch, cause dere, rid-in’ along on two donkeys, was de Duchess and his Whiskers. He didn’t see me, but de Duchess did, and she turned as white as de ’lectric light over her head. She gave me a look what I was dead on to: dat I wasn’t to say nothin’, but see her when we got back t’ de end of de ride.

“ Say, it kinder knocked me silly, and I didn’t see nothin’ much till we got off de camels, and den I looked ’round and saw de Duchess hidin’ and waitin’ for me inside de door of a kinder church what dat kind of dagoes calls a mosque. I made

“a sneak from Mr. Paul like I spose de Duchess had from his Whiskers, and I went up t’ her and called her down. ‘What t’ell!’ I says t’ her. ‘What t’ell,’ like dat, see?

“She was pretty white ’round de gills, but she just laughed and said it was a little joke she’d played on me. She said she knowed where I was goin’, and she chased along after me just t’ get de laugh on me, and had met his Whiskers dere by accident.

“Say, dat was mighty good t’ hear,’ ’cause of course ’till she told me I didn’t know what t’ell. See?

“So I says if dat’s all I’d call Mr. Paul and ’scuse myself and take her home.

“Den she said no; dat she didn’t want Mr. Paul t’ know, ’cause he was such a stringer he might pretend not t’ believe her; he might let on he taut she’d come out wid his Whiskers, an’ dat would break her heart. She began cryin’ den, and asks me did I want t’ break her heart.

“Dat knoeked me clean silly, ’cause I am stuek on de Duchess, sure. Den she jollies me up to make a sneak out of dere wid Mr. Paul before he saw her or his Whiskers, and told me not to say nottin’ about it, ’cause Miss Fannie might hear.

“Course I know de Duchess wasn’t stringing me nor givin’ me no game, but it hurted me all de same ’cause she was so sore ’bout anybody gettin’ on t’ her little joke.

“Perhaps it was because nobody knows how square de Duchess is ’cept me.”

THE GOOD OFFICES OF MR. PAUL.

“SAY, I’m tickled near t’ deat’ t’ get back t’
New York. Sure. Chicago’s too far from
de Bow’ry t’ suit Chimmie Fadden.

“I didn’t tell you ’bout me luck at de races in
Chicago, did I? Say, I hit ’em hard, an’ de best
part of de game was I done de Duchess outer
most of de boodle, only I didn’t hold on t’ it long.

“I was tellin’ you ’bout Mr. Paul, what I went
out t’ de Midway wid de night he gave me de
knock-down t’ de dudes what he give de song an’
dance to ’bout me bein’ Sir Chames. Well, after
de picnic we had dat night, me payin’ de boodle
outter his sack, he told me t’ keep de change, an’
say, dere was more dan five plunks.

“Say, dat made me feel bad—I don’t tink. I
was just needin’ five plunks in me business. See?
I’d been out t’ de race track, where I knowed near
all de kids ’round de stables, ’cause dey all comes
from de Coney Island tracks, where I guess dey is
borned, an’ I was jollyin’ ’em for tips on a winner.

“Say, de you know how t’ git straight tips from
de stable kid? It’s dead easy. You listens t’ all
dey has t’ say, an’ you listens an’ listens, an’ den
you look at de entrees, and if dere is one starter

you never got no tip on, dat's de horse yuse play. Sure.

“ Well, I found a horse—he was a ringer on me—dat not a kid had tipped, an’ he was ten t’ one agin, an’ I give Mr. Paul me system an’ he played him for fifty cases, an’ I played him for five, an’ I’m a farmer if he didn’t win in a walk. Say, when he win de Duchess she collared me an’ hollars for ten. I near fell in a fit when I got on dat she taut all bets was even money, an’ she taut I only had ten plunks. So I digs up de ten, an’ dat leaves me forty-five what de Duchess didn’t know I had, an’ I sunk it in me jeans, feelin’ like I owned de cart an’ had a mortgage on Chicago besides.

“ I was wonderin’ how I’d blow in de boodle when I got back t’ New York, not wantin’ t’ be such a farmer as t’ waste it in Chicago. I didn’t mean t’ give de Duchess a sight of de plunks if she went blind for it, cause I was kinder sore ‘bout her bein’ on de Midway Pleasants wid his Whiskers dat night I was tellin’ you ‘bout.

“ I knowed it was all right, but it’s dis way wid womin’: If you don’t row wid ‘em sometimes, wedder dey is right or wrong, dey gets gay and puts you up for a farmer, an’ dere ain’t nothin’ womin’ hates more dan a farmer.

“I was tinkin’ dat way after we came home from de races, when ’is Whiskers, an’ Miss Fannie, an’ Mr. Burton, what’s Miss Fannie’s husband, was sittin’ on a kinder dinkey stoop, what dey calls a balcony, in front of der parlor in de hotel, where dey could see out on de lake, what’s de only pretty ting in Chicago, an’ dat ain’t in it, neider. Well, as dey was sittin’ dere Mr. Paul, dat small bottle mug, he comes to me, an’ he says, says he, usin’ dem dude words what he’s a wonder at, he says: ‘Chames, if de Duchess can spare you,’ says he, for me and de Duchess was sittin’ in a back room, where I was learning her craps, only she don’t pay when she loses, he says, ‘if de Duchess can spare you, I tink wid your ’sistance I could be induced to concoc’ a champagne cup to overcome de fatigue of de day, an’ de sorrow at seein’ a man so much in love as Burton is wid Miss Fannie.’

“Say, I’m gettin’ stuck on meself for de slick way I can say dose dude langwudge de same as him, widout a miss. He’s a corker, sure, dat mug.

“So I chases meself downstairs an’ fetches back de wine an’ de ice, an’ all de stuff what he puts in his cups. Den me an’ him goes t’ a table back of de window, where ’is Whiskers an’ Miss Fannie an’ Mr. Burton was sittin’ outside of it, an’ we

begins t' mix de drinks in a big growler made out of red glass. Mr. Paul was jawin' away kinder t' himself an' kinder t' me, like he does when he's mixin' drinks, which he mostly is, an' I was openin' bottles for him. 'Chames,' he was saying, 'Chames, it is unbecomin' in a poor weak sinner like me t' find fault where heaven ordains,' dem's his very words, not meaning nothin'; 'but when I sees as good a drinker as Mr. Burton onct was preferin' t' sit in de moonlight wid his own wife, an' leavin' t' his guests de labor of mixin' a cup which is t' be looked upon because it ain't red, den I can't help tinkin' dat college education is a failure, an' tings is not what dey is cracked up to be, barrin' dis ice, which yuse has cracked in a way t' do credit t' my trainin'.'

"Dat's de way he was jawin' along when I happened t' hear his Whiskers say de Duchess's name which dey calls Hortons, only dat ain't de way what it's spelled. I made a bluff at listenin' t' Mr. Paul, an' he made a bluff at talkin', but I knowed we was bote listenin' t' his Whiskers.

"Say, what de ye tink he was sayin'? He went on, his Whiskers did, an' told Miss Fannie an' Mr. Burton 'bout bein' on de Midway, an' meetin' de Duchess dere when she was chasing after me, an' givin' her a ride on de camels, an' everyting.

“When he got tru’ an’ dey was laughin’ out on de balcony, Mr. Paul motions me t’ de back of de room, an’ he says t’ me, he says, ‘Chames, me an’ you is two cads,’ he says.

“‘What t’ell?’ I says, not bein’ on; ‘what t’ell?’ like dat.

“Den he goes on: ‘Wese is two cads, ’cause wese been listenin’ t’ people what didn’t know wese was dere. But my forgiveness give an’ take. I’m glad dis has happened, ’cause I saw dat little proceedin’ on de Midway, dough I never let on t’ you dat I did.’

“Den he taut a minute, an’ den he went on in my straight American, which he talks as well as any mug on de Bow’ry.

“‘Chimmie,’ says he, ‘dat squares de Duchess. His Whiskers is a real gent, not because he dresses dude, but because he was borned so. Bein’ a gent doesn’t bar him from bein’ gay, but it does bar him from ever givin’ Miss Fannie any song an’ dance. Are you on?’

“I told him I was near bein’ on, but not quite. Den he says, ‘Chimmie, you’ll have to take my word for dis, dat his Whiskers would drop dead before he’d ever open his mout t’ Miss Fannie ’bout de odder night ’less it was just as he told it. If it wasn’t straight, he’d kept his jaw shut. Dat

settles it, and I'm near as tickled as you are, now dat yuse is on.'

"I guess he tumbled dat I was on, an' say! I was feelin' pretty good. Sure.

"Den he runs t' de window an' says: 'Miss Fannie,' he says, sober as a judge in de Tombs an' givin' me de wink,' 'Miss Fannie, which would you radder do: have me served at a funeral as a victim of a t'irst, or have Chames serve some champagne cup?'

"Den I heard Miss Fannie laugh, an' she came in de room an' says dat if Mr. Paul had been makin' any of dose rotten—no, dreadful, dat's de word—dreadful drinks, I could chase meself out wid 'em t' de mugs on de balcony.

"So I chases meself.

"Dat night I could't help tellin' de whole racket, from de start t' de finish, t' de Duchess, an' when I said how I knowed it was all right she began cryin' so hard dat I didn't know what t'ell, 'cept t' give her de forty-five plunks I'd held out on her.

"Dat's de worse ting 'bout womin. When you tells 'em somet'ing what squares everyt'ing, den dey goes an' has a fit, an' you has t' give up de last plunk t' cure 'em."

SATAN FINDS MISCHIEF STILL.

“**S**AY, it’s a long time I don’t see you, sure.

Well, wese has all been off on Mr. Paul’s yacht. Yes, de whole gang; Miss Fannie and her felly what’s her husband; Mr. Paul, de small bottle mug, de Duchess, me, an’ his Whiskers.

“Dat ain’t de kind of a game I likes, dat yachting. I likes a game where yuse has more t’ do dan t’ whistle fer a breeze when you ain’t got none, and wish yuse hadn’t so much when yuse has.

“Dere was lots of fun at night, dough, after we had come t’ anchor and de wimin had gone t’ bed, and Mr. Paul and me was sittin’ out on deck a-lookin’ over de water, what was all black wid de dark and silver wid de moon, and dere wasn’t no sounds ’cept de pop of de corks when I’d open anodder small bottle fer him what he’d always make me drink half of.

“‘Chimmie,’ he says to me one night, ‘Chimmie,’ says he, ‘did you ever have a fight in a crowd when de whole gang was agin you?’

“Say, I taut he was stringin’ me, ’cause what t’ell! Doesn’t every mug have t’ scrap wid a gang somo time?

“ ‘Sure!’ I says to him; ‘sure I has scrapped wid a gang many’s de time, or how would I be livin’ now?’ says I.

“ Den he didn’t say nothin’ fer a long time ’till I taut he must be asleep, but after a while he says, speakin’ kinder low, ’cause everyting was so still, wid only de anchor watch on deck for’d, and de little waves kinder singin’ a soft ’tittle song ’gainst de side of de boat, says he: ‘De whole gang is ’gainst me, Chimmie, and I can’t fight.’

“ Say, I was kinder paralyzed at him sayin’ dat, for I wasn’t on t’ de game a little bit. Dere wasn’t no scrappin’ goin’ on round dere what I’d seen, but when I got tinkin’ ‘bout it somehow I couldn’t help tinkin’ of Miss Fannie, ’cause—well, I don’t know just what made me tink of her, only dat Mr. Paul always acted like he wished he wasn’t near her, and all de same he couldn’t stay nowhere else but hangin’ right round where she was.

“ Say, you know me, and how I likes Miss Fannie better dan me own life. Well, I kept tinkin’ and tinkin’, and pretty soon I says, like I hadn’t been tinkin’ at all, says I, ‘A good scrap does a mug a lot of good sometimes,’ says I. ‘It knocks de silly nonsense outta him. If wese was in New York I could fix a nice quiet scrap fer us dat might settle yer mind, Mr. Paul,’ says I.

“ ‘For us?’ says he.

“ ‘Sure,’ I says. ‘If yer out fer a scrap, what’s de matter wid me havin’ some of de fun along wid you?’ I says.

“ Well, he never said anudder word ’till de next day, when he ast Mr. Burton if he would give him de loan of me for a day to go t’ New York, and Mr. Burton says, sure.

“ I kinder knowed what was up, so I says nottin’ when Mr. Paul told me t’ come along wid him, and we took de cars at Larchmount fer de city. I tumbled t’ what was up, and after we’d had some supper I just chased over t’ de east side wid him, where I knowed I’d find a Avenue A gang what would radder scrap dan work de goose—rush de growler, I mean.

“ Well, we never got dere. On de way we came ’cross a gang of for’ners, ginneys and such, what was havin’ a meetin’. I didn’t know what t’ell dey was kickin’ ’bout, ’cause dey was talkin’ in some for’n langwudge, but Mr. Paul he stopped and listened, and I saw him gettin’ red, and den he got white, and den I saw de fight come into his eyes.

“ Say, if yuse had t’ knock round like I did when you was a kid you’d know dat look in a mug’s eye soon as you’d see it—de look dat means fight.

“So I presses up close t’ him, not knowin’ what we was goin’ to scrap ‘bout, only knowin’ dat we was t’ scrap, what’s enough; and Mr. Paul says t’ me, very quiet, he says: ‘Dese fellers is sayin’ some tings what ain’t nice ‘bout our flag, Chimmie,’ says he; and we crowded up closer to de mug what was shootin’ off his mout.

“Mr. Paul listens some more, and pretty soon he gives me arm a grip like a cable car and says, ‘If he does I’ll punch his head.’

“I didn’t know what t’ell, ‘cause of de langwudge, but I see de mug what was speakin’ take a ‘Merican flag and hold it in front of him.

“Den Mr. Paul yelled out sometin’ in some dago langwudge what I didn’t know den, but know now, was t’ warn de man wid de flag not to spit on it, which was de bluff he’d made.

“Say, I was stuck on me company den. Mr. Paul had t’rown off his hat, and de light of a lantern on de stand was shinin’ on his face, which was de deadliest game face I ever seed.

“De minnit he chipped in dere was a howl of ‘Police! Reporter! Detective! Lynch him!’ and de gang piled fer us.

“‘Take yer hat off t’ dat flag!’ yelled Mr. Paul, and soon as he talked ‘Merican and I know’d de

game I yelled de same. ‘Take yer dicer off t’ de flag!’ I yelled.

“I had de scrappin’ fit on me bad as Mr. Paul den, ‘cause I’m stuck on dat flag meself, dough I don’t know why.

“De mug on de stand went silly and spit on de flag, and at dat very second Mr. Paul grabbed him by de leg and pulled him over. As he came toward us Mr. Paul let him have a lovely right on de jaw, and he went t’ sleep.

“Say, den dere was a picnic. De gang jumped on us. Mr. Paul and me got our backs t’ de stand, and I never had so much fun since I was borned. It was biff, bang, whack! and bang agin.

“Mr. Paul was workin’ like a engine, just as cool as a small bottle, and sayin’ in a easy voice, like he was in a parlor: ‘Keep yer head, Chimmie! Mind yer eye, Chimime! Dat was a good one, Chimmie! Land on de jaw, Chimmie!’ All de time he was sluggin’ away, takin’ a crack now and den, but mostly givin’ dem, and it was just lovely.

“De forn mugs wasn’t in it a little bit wid dere fists, and we was gettin’ in tree or four good licks to dere one when one of de gang pulled off a piece of scantlin’ from de stand and aimed a whack at

Mr. Paul. I jumped in between and took it mostly on de shoulders, but some on me nut, too, just over me ear.

“I was silly for a minute, but Mr. Paul chucked me behind him until I got me breat, and just when I was back in de fun agin de cops came, and de gang skipped.

“Say, de Sergeant looked at me, den he looked at Mr. Paul, den he looked at me agin, 'cause he knowed me, and den he said, ‘Well, I'll be damned!’

“Den he says, kinder laughin’, ‘Had a nice time?’

“‘Very pleasant, tank you,’ says Mr. Paul, wipin’ de blood from his face. ‘I feels much relieved.’

“‘Sorry we didn’t pinch any of dem,’ says de Sergeant.

“‘I’ve got one of dem,’ says Mr. Paul, and, sure enough, on de ground was de mug what had spit on de flag.

“‘Oh, I know him: we’re lookin’ fer him,’ says de Sergeant, when he brought a lantern in front of de mug’s face.

“When de Sergeant started t’ put de bracelets on de mug, Mr. Paul says: ‘ ‘Scuse me, Sergeant. Dere is sometin’ I want dis gent t’ carry.’ Den

he picked up de flag and made de mug carry it over his head, wid his hat off in de odder hand, all de way t' de police station.

“De cops was near dyin’ wid laughin’ as we marched along, Mr. Paul lecturin’ de mug wid de flag on what he called de ‘evil of his ways.’

“At de station dey let us wash up, and den Mr. Paul ast de Captain and de Sergeant out t’ join him in a small bottle.

“‘If ever you want a job, just apply for a place on de force,’ says de Captain when we left him.

“We went back t’ de yacht de next day, and just before we went aboard, Mr. Paul says: ‘Chimmie, I feel much better. I’ll do as much for you some day.’

“Dat night I tole de Duchess de whole game, and after she’d put a piece of raw beef over me eye she says:

“‘Cheemes, I’m more in love wid you dan ever.’

“Why she should be more stuck on me wid a black eye dan wid a blue I don’t tumble. See?”

A CHAPPIE, THE DUCHESS, AND
CHIMMIE.

“SAY, I’m dead sore on dis yacht racin’, and I wisht I never was borned if wese has t’ go crazy every time a mug comes chasin’ hisself from forn parts makin’ a sneak after dat dinky old cup.

“Sport? Sure. It was sport if wese only knowed what wese was sportin’ ‘bout; but what wid Miss Fannie wantin’ dat lord chap t’ win, ‘cause she said his daughters would feel so bad if dere daddy didn’t win; what wid his Whiskers wantin’ de Vigilant t’ win ‘cause he had boodle up on de race; what wid Mr. Burton not knowin’ what he wanted, ‘cause he didn’t like de rules of de game; what wid Mr. Paul always near drownin’ everybody wid small bots, no matter which yacht was ahead, and what wid de Duchess plumb ravin’ silly t’ have de lord chap lose, ‘cause a mug named Nimpoleung was slugged onet by de Queen of England, I didn’t know what t’ell, and just said, ‘Aye, aye, sir!’ and gives a hitch t’ me pants, when Mr. Paul would say, ‘Chames, what’s de matter wid a small bot?’

“Nobody wasn’t never so queered like I wus all de time dose races was on, for I wanted de boat t’ win dat Miss Fannie was pullin’ for, and all de

same I didn't have de nerve t' open me mout and say so for fear de Duchess would jump on me neck wid her song and dance 'bout dat mug Nimpoleung.

"Why didn't dat lord chap dig up de plunks and buy a silver cup if he was so dead stuck on havin' one, and not come chasin' 'round here boderin' me wid having to learn all de French history dere ever was so's not t' get in a row wid de Duchess 'bout dat Nimpoleung? If ever I lays eyes on dat French dude, I'll give him a worse tumpin' dan de Queen did, or me name's not Chimmie Fadden.

"But I was going' t' tell yuse 'bout our trip out t' de races. Say, dey was great graft, anyhow, even if I was near crazy wid all de learnin' I had t' take aboard.

"Are yuse on t' dat, take aboard? Dat's sailor talk. And I was so struck over dat talk dat I paralyzed Mr. Paul onet by astin' him did he want some grog when he tells me t' open a small bottle. Sure.

"Well, wese all went out on Mr. Paul's yacht, and de whole gang wored yachtin' caps 'cept me. I wored a stiff dicer so's I wouldn't be mistook for one of de little dudes Mr. Paul ast t' come 'long. Miss Fannie she wored one of dose caps and a little jacket buttoned up t' her chin, and

when de wind was blowin' her hair 'round her eyes and her cheeks was all red she was lookin' up t' de limit. Dat's right! De Duchess she wored a cap, too, but she was always down in the cabin, 'cause de wind made freckles on her nose, and dat makes her crazy.

"Say, nobody what ain't in our house much never knows who de Duchess is, and dey mostly tinks she's some swell 'long wid de style she puts on. Well, I was tellin' you 'bout de little dudes Mr. Paul had out wid us one day. One of dem couldn't stand bein' on deck no more dan de Duchess, so he chases hisself down into de cabin, and dere was de Duchess readin' outer a book what was printed in French. I was chasin' down in de cabin pretty often meself after small bots, an' each time I went down de dude was gettin' on smooder and smooder with the Duchess, till I began tinkin' t' meself what t'ell, I began t' tink.

"But de Duchess, she gave me a wink not t' give her away; so I just opened bots and said nottin' for a while. Dat was all right till onct I was down dere and de little dude says t' me, says he: 'Me man,' he says, 'me man, I'll trouble you for a glass of wine,' says he.

"I let on I didn't hear him, and was yellin'

‘Aye, aye, sir,’ t’ Mr. Paul and givin’ me pants a hitch, when de Duchess broke me all up.

“Say, what de you tink dat girl had de nerve t’ say? I almost fell in a fit when I heard her. She looks over at me like I was a mile away, and she says, mind you, de Duchess says, and to me, ‘Toot sweet, me man, toot sweet! serve de gent a glass of wine.’

“Say, dat settled it. I just turns and I says t’ her, says I: ‘Cert’nly, me dear Hortense,’ I says, chuckin’ her under de chin—she tried t’ bite me finger—‘Cert’nly, me dear. I’ll give de gent a glass of wine while you chases yourself up on deck. Your mistress wants you.’

“Say, if de boat had struck a whale dere couldn’t been more fun in de cabin. It was out of sight. De Duchess trun her book at me, and de dude opened his mout and eyes so wide I taut he’d never shut ’em again.

“De Duchess gives me a glare, and says: ‘You leetle beast!’ But I only gives her de laugh. Den when de dude tumbled t’ de whole game, and seen he’d been jollied by de Duchess into tinkin’ she was one of de loidies Miss Fannie had along, he dug into his pants and fetched up a fiver and gives it to me, tellin’ me not t’ say nottin’ ‘bout it t’ de odder chaps.



"'CERT'NLY, ME DEAR HORTENSE,' I SAYS, CHUCKIN' HER UNDER DE CHIN."

—Page 152.



"Well, I didn't. I only told Mr. Paul, and he told de odder chaps, and dey near guyed de life outter dat dude, till Miss Fannie heard de yarn and made dem come off, so as not t' queer de Duchess.

"It tickled me so I didn't even kick when de Duchess made me yield up de fiver t' square meself wid her."

CHIMMIE FADDEN IN COURT.

“SAY, wese are all back in town again, sure.

Dat's funny, ain't it? All de odder high-toned folkses what trots in our class is just getting a move on t' chase dereselfs outer de town into de country, and wese chases back here.

“It was Miss Fannie what chases us all back here. De reason, she says, was dat de town is now more beautifuller dan de country. But I says t' de Duchess dat de country would be all right if it wasn't so far from de Bow'ry.

“Dat's de trouble wid everyting what's far from de Bow'ry: it ain't near it.

“Den dere's anodder reason: little Miss Fannie is t' be baptized. Dat's right. She's going t' have her little head washed by a felly what gives her a name, and Mr. Paul he's going t' go bail dat she'll always be a good girl, and say her prayers; dough how she'll say her prayers now when she can't say nottin' is too much for me to get onto. De Duchess says I can't understand 'cause no parson never give me a name; but when I lived on de Bow'ry I was called more names dan would do t' fit out a orphun 'sylum. P'rhaps dey wasn't de right kind of names t' make a mug say his pray-

ers, but dey was good enough names t' start a scrap wid; so dey done me no harm.

“De parson what’s going t’ give little Miss Fannie her name is de same one what give her mudder her first name, and den give her her second name when she married Mr. Burton. Seeing he’s pretty handy at de game, I was wondering if he couldn’t deal me out one, but Mr. Paul, who heard me chinning de Duchess ‘bout it, said something about ‘a Fadden by any odder name would swell his feet.’

“Say, I taut he was giving me de jolly, and so I says t’ him, says I: ‘What t’ell, Mr. Paul?’ I says like dat, see? I says, ‘what t’ell?’ says I, ‘what t’ell?’ See?

“Den he says, looking as solemn as Recorder Smite, says he, ‘Chames,’ he says, ‘Chames, your eloquence overcomes me,’ using dose dude langwudge what de Duchess is always trying t’ learn me. ‘If I could say two words and make dem mean as much as you make dose words mean, I would confine me conver, conversa, conversational — holy gee, dat was a corker! I’m stuck on meself for gettin’ a fall outter dat word. He says, ‘I would confine me con-ver-sa-tion-al efforts t’ just two words, which would leave me,’ says he, wid a wink, ‘which would leave me more time for

de con-tem-pla-tion of de beauties of a small cold bot.'

"Dose was his very langwudge, and I didn't wonder dat it made him dry. It's made me dry telling of it.

"T'anks, I don't mind. Here's looking at you. We're drinking t' little Miss Fannie.

"Well, as I was saying, Mr. Paul being dry, I fetches him a small bottle, and den, when he was feeling better, he says t' me, 'Chames,' he says, 'if Mr. Burton could spare you dis afternoon, I would like t' have you pilot me down t' de court where dey is trying dat murder case, 'cause,' says he, "'cause I was reading a piece in de poiper dat one of de doctor chaps what was on de witness-stand was testifying dat one of de poisons give by de chap what done de killing t' de chap what was killed has de effect,' says he, 'has de effect of creating a great tirst, and I wants t' know which poison dat is.'

"Say, dat Mr. Paul is de boss jollier, sure.

"Honest, Mr. Paul didn't know where de court was, and him born in New York!

"Mr. Burton told me I might go if I'd stop in on me way and look at a bull pup he is wanting t' buy. Was I telling you about dat bull pup?

"Well, I takes Mr. Paul down t' de Court of

General Sessions—what ain’t its name, ’cause it is General Smite’s court—but de mug at de door wouldn’t let us in. I offered t’ scrap wid de mug and let Mr. Paul get in whilst we was scrapping, but Mr. Paul knowed one of de lawyers what’s being a lawyer for his healt’, and he sends in his card t’ him, and we was let in.

“Say, did you ever seen de Recorder? I seen him often when I was a kid selling poipers. He’s a wonder. Mr. Paul couldn’t keep his eyes off his face, and after we watched de jawing for a while Mr. Paul whispers t’ me dat de whole gang must be on trial, all de lawyers and de witness and de mugs in de jury box, as well as de ’fendant.

“Dat was because de way de Recorder made dem all come up t’ time and take dere little medicine, wedder dey liked it or not. Dere was lawyers enough dere t’ play a game of ball, and when dey’d all get jawing to onct, like a cable-car gong, de Recorder would chip in one word and den de whole gang would stop so suddint and look so paralyzed dat you couldn’t tell de lawyers from de mug what dey say done up a man wid poison.

“Dere was a doctor on de stand what was using such langwudge he ought t’ be sent t’ de Island and do time for it. You never heard such talk in your life. Even Dago isn’t as bad.

"Dere was one of de 'fendant's lawyers what was talking back and using langwudge near as bad, and Mr. Paul was near crazy 'cause de lawyer never ast what was de tirst poison.

"After a while Mr. Paul writes on a card t' de lawyer he knowed, telling him t' have de lawyer what was talking wid de witness ast de witness 'bout de tirst poison.

"De lawyer what got de card he grinned and passed de card over t' de odder lawyer, and he grinned, and den he ast de witness a question.

"Mr. Paul wrote de question down for me, and you can read it your own self on dis poiper. I ain't no saint, but I knows what is decent manners, and I wouldn't use no such langwudge as dat if I could. Read it."

Now, doctor, mention a mineral poison which in toxic doses produces a characteristic pathological condition of the viscera, the existence of which lesion might have a tendency to superinduce an abnormal thirst.

"Dat's right. You read it right. When de lawyer ast dose words de witness says, 'Antimony.' When Mr. Paul hears de answer he gets up and bows low t' de lawyer he knowed and de odder lawyer, and we sneaks.

"When we gets out on Chambers Street Mr. Paul

says, 'Chames, show me a drug store. I want some of dat blessed antimony, so dat if I ever loses me tirst I can take a toxic dose and die wid-out regret.'

"I says t' him, says I, 'What t'ell,' I says. 'Any old day will do fer de poison. I has t' go and look at dat bull pup,' I says."

CHIMMIE ON THE STUMP.

“‘**A**RE you ready, Chames?’ says de Duchess, and I yells baek t’ her: ‘In a minute!’ I says, giving her de Goff game. See?

“It was my night off, and me and de Duchess and Maggie was going t’ chase ourselfs down t’ de Bow’ry t’ see me friend de barkeep, what is now Maggie de housemaid’s steady. Don’t you cop dat? Steady comp’ny. Yes, dat’s right.

“Well, Maggie and de Duchess was waiting for me, cause I was tying me tie like Mr. Burton, Miss Fannie’s husband, ties his, what’s a regular razzle-dazzle t’ do, but when you gets it done—why, say, it’s a wonder, a peach!

“Den I stieks in one of Mr. Burton’s pins what I knowed he wouldn’t want dat night, him being in dress close, and I gave me hair de varnish part down de middle, and I puts on me silk dicer, and say! I was past de limit for style. When I went t’ de girls, Maggie, de housemaid, says t’ me, she says, ‘Chimmie,’ says she, ‘Chimmie, yer a dream.’

“‘Maggie,’ says I, ‘I was dreaming’ till you eopped me wid your blue Irish eyes, and dose always makes me dead unto meself,’ I says.

“Now dat Maggie has a steady of her own de

Duchess don't make no kick when me and Maggie gives each odder de jolly. Dat's de funny ting 'bout women. Dey is never jealous of you 'bout anudder woman what has a steady, but when de odder woman marries de steady den she's jealous of her again, if you just jollies her a little bit. I'd like t' know what t'ell, dat's what I'd like to know; for if a steady makes a woman safe, den a husband otter make her safer. Dat's right, ain't it? Sure.

"But you never can't tell 'bout what a woman is going to do till it don't do you no good to know.

"Well, I was going t' tell you: We chases down town and meets me friend de barkeep, and I taut he must have wheels in his head, for he was dat ratty.

"'What t'ell?' I says t' him. 'Has dey broke your drum?' says I, 'cause me friend runs his own drum, where me and Mr. Paul was to de op'ning what I was telling you 'bout.

"'Me drum's all right, Chimmie,' says he, 'but me friend Shiner Simpson is up against it, and I wants you t' help me.'

"'Any friend of my friend, on your life!' I says t' him. See?

"Den he cops off de game t' me right. It was like dis: De mug what was trying t' break into Congress—where dey makes de laws for de lawyers

—agin his friend Shiner, in de Nint' district, had a swell mug from uptown making a speech for him dat night in Frog Hollow, and me friend was dead crazy t' get a swell mug t' make a speech for Shiner, 'cause dat's all de style down dere now-days, t' have swell mugs talk; but de odder side had run in a ringer, and me friend hadn't got on t' his being a dead swell 'till just before we meets him, and he wanted de worse way t' break even. He wanted t' know couldn't I get Mr. Paul or Mr. Burton. I knowed dat wasn't no go, 'cause bote of dem was out wid Miss Fannie t' dinner.

“Den me friend de barkeep says, all of a sud-dint, ‘Chimmie,’ says he, ‘Chimmie, you can do de trick yourself!’

“‘What t’ell!’ I says. ‘Don’t give me no game,’ says I.

“Dat’s one ting I never done on de Bow’ry: politics. I s’pose if I had I’d be owning me own drum and running it, but I never done it. Honest.

“But he says dat all de folks what uster know me in de Nint' had a notion dat I’d become a real swell. Dat comes from me friend de barkeep tell-ing fairy stories, just for a jolly, ’bout me having been left money t’ burn a wet dog wid by a uncle.

“‘You’re dressed like a swell, you knows all de places in de Nint’, and dat’ll tickle de gang, and you can do de trick,’ says me friend.

“‘Chimmie,’ says Maggie de housemaid, ‘you can do de trick,’ she says. She is Irish and it was politics, so she was near having a fit wid joy.

“Say, I began to feel kinder queer, and I says t’ de Duchess:

“‘Shall I make de front, Duchess?’

“Well, dat Duchess is a dead game torrowbred if ever dere was one come from forn parts. She says t’ me: ‘Chames,’ she says, ‘do de trick, and I’ll be proud of you. I never knowed you t’ try nothing yet you didn’t win.’

“Holy gee, I was in for it, and I asts me friend de barkeep what would we do wid de girls.

“‘Do nothing!’ says Maggie. ‘Me and de Duchess is going t’ root for you.’ Dat’s right. Dat’s what Maggie de housemaid says, and me friend gives her a hug right where we was chinning on de sidewalk.

“Say, when I was a kid and had a fight on me hands I was always dead crazy t’ get it off me hands, and dat was de way I felt as de four of us chases ourselfs over t’ Frog Hollow. Well, dere on two corners was two trucks wid torches, and

crowds, and music, and cheers, and I began t' feel like I had skates on.

“ Me friend de barkeep pushes up to one of de trucks where a mug had just done a turn. Before I knowed anyting we was dragged up on de truck and de girls was set in chairs, and me friend de barkeep was giving me a knockdown t' de crowd. After he had given me a great jolly, he says: ‘Dough de Hon’able Mr. Chames Fadden may now be at home in de purlieus of de rich and wealt’y, he has never forgot de friends of his boyhood, and he deems it a priv’lege dis evening t’ meet youse agin, t’ ‘cuss de polit’cal problems of de times on behalf of his well ’steemed friend, Shiner Simpson. He is wid us t’ night proud t’ bring wid him in our midst de—er—de loidies of his household.’

“ Say, wid dat de Duchess and Maggie makes a bow from one end of de truck t’ de odder, and dey bote looked outter sight, for de Duchess had on Miss Fannie’s close and Maggie had on de Duchess’s. Den de quartet from Starvation Alley sung:

“ ‘ He always loves to wander wid his whole household,’ and me friend de barkeep says, ‘ Loidies and gents, Mr. Chimmie Fadden.’

“Say, holy gee, wid dat Maggie de housemaid let out a yell you could heard away over to Stagtown, and it set de crowd crazy. I knows dose people, and so does Maggie. Dere’s nottin’ works dem up so quick as a good yell, and de one Maggie let out killed dem dead.

“Den I takes off me silk dicer, and when dey seen de middle varnish part t’ me hair one mug yells out: ‘Cop de dude wig Chimmie has got on ‘Fift’ Avenue!’

“I knowed de mug, and I points me finger at him and says: ‘Say, Plug Jacobs of O’Rafferty’s Roost, you don’t belong here; you belong over by de odder truck, for you’ve got two left feet.’

“Well, you otter heard de gang yell at dat. T’ tell a mug he has two left feet is de worst ting you can say t’ him in de Nint’. Some one punched him in de jaw, and dey trowed him out of de crowd. ‘We’re wid you, Chimmie,’ dey yelled.

“Den I says, ‘Felly Cit’zens!’ I says, ‘I could talk pol’tics to you till your ears fell off, ’cause since I left de glorious Nint’ District I ain’t had nottin’ t’ do ’cept study pol’tics.’

“‘True for you!’ cried Maggie, and she gives an odder one of dose Kerry yells of hers dat sets de crowd crazy again.

“‘But what t’ell has pol’tics t’ do wid dis ques-

tion?' says I. 'De only ting a man what is a man has t' say t' himself is wedder Shiner is a dead game sport; wedder he ever went back on his friends. Did he?'

"Not on your life!" de crowd yelled, and Maggie hollered: 'Not in a tousan' years!'

"Say, while de crowd was yelling I was trying t' cop off de real swell what was chinning on de odder truck. I couldn't hear a word he said for de noise, and dere was a torch what kep me from getting a good look; but I seen dat he had on a dinky slouch hat and a dinky overcoat.

"Dat's de trouble wid swell mugs what don't know dose people like I do. Dey tink dey must dress like a farmer or a bum when dey goes t' dem. De better a swell dresses de better dey likes it.

"De felly what's trying t' break into Congress agin Shiner,' I says, 'is like de swell what's spouting for him on de odder truck; 'he's one ting here to you and anodder ting up town. Ain't you, felly citizens of de Nint', good enough for his Sunday close?'

"De crowd began t' groan at him.

"I guess,' I says, 'he put on his old clothes so dey wouldn't be hurt much if you trowed tings at dem.'

“De gang was onto me meaning in a second, and began t’ trow cabbage-leaves, tomatoes, and I don’t know what t’ell at de swell.

“Just den de Duchess pulls me coat-tail and says, like she was near having a fit: ‘Mon Dieu, Chames, stop dem! De man on de odder truck is his Whiskers!’

“Say, I near fell off de truck, sure. I got de crowd to stop pelting him, and just told all de funny stories I knowed fast as I could. De odder crowd came over to ours, and I says, ‘I tink de odder swell is inviting de cit’zens of de Nint’ to a pig’s-head razoo with plenty of curly cabbage and col-cannon.’

“Den dey gives his Whiskers de laugh, ’cause most of de people in de Nint’ don’t eat pig’s-head.

“Well, pretty soon I had all de crowd, and his Whiskers was talking t’ himself something ’bout de interdiction of American pork into Germany. I guess dat was pol’tics, what I don’t know notting ’bout; but I know, wid one hand tied behind me, dat pork don’t go in de Nint’.

“I was crazy for fear his Whiskers might git onto me, so I says, ‘Felly cit’zens, talk is good, but song is better. Miss Maggie will favor us wid ‘Molly O.’”

“And she done it. Maggie can sing like a

peach, and she give it to dem good, wid everybody joining in de chorus. Some of de gang what was furderest from our truck all of a suddint grabbed de truck his Whiskers was on and ran it off a block so as he wouldn't disturb de singing.

‘Chames,’ says de Duchess dat night, giving me a kiss, ‘Chames, I’m proud of you. But tell me, Chames, what was dat meeting about?’

“Not wishing to keep anyting back from her, I returns her kiss, and I says, ‘Duchess,’ says I, ‘damn if I know.’”

CHIMMIE FADDEN TREATS MR. PAUL.

“SAY, you know me friend de barkeep? Well, he’s no dead tough mug from de Fort’ Ward, but he’s right people. Sure; he’s just as right people as dere is on de Bow’ry.

“Well, I meets him de odder day and he tells me he ain’t going to barkeep for anodder mug no longer, ’cause he has bought a drum of his own what he’s going t’ run. He says t’ me, says he, ‘Chimmie,’ he says, ‘I’m going to open me own drum on Friday,’ says he; ‘not for public trade till Saturday, but just to a few gents who has never done me wrong, and I wants t’ see dere faces open widout dere shoving de price acrost de bar. See?’

“I told him he’d copped me off straight, and I would be wid him if Mr. Burton had no use for me dat night, and I could make a sneak from de Duchess. Den I says t’ him could I fetch a friend, and he says, ‘Any friend of my friend, on your life,’ he says. See? Ain’t he right people?

“Say, what do you tink I was tinking of? Mr. Paul. Dat’s right. Mr. Paul often says t’ me dat he’s stuck on de Bow’ry, and he wondered would I fetch him wid me any old day when I was just happening t’ be going dere.

“So de next time I seen Mr. Paul I asks him would he like t’ chase along wid me t’ de opening of de drum of me friend de barkeep.

“Den he looks solemn as de Recorder, and he says wouldn’t me friend spoil his drum if he opened it. He was just putting up a front dat he didn’t know dat on the Bow’ry de right name for a joint is a drum. If I had de front of Mr. Paul I’d run an elevator up it so as folks could get onto me. I was easy on dat he was kidding me, ’cause I’ll give you de straight pipe tip dere ain’t a dead swell mug in town what knows de Bow’ry better dan Mr. Paul. He puts up a front of being leary of running up against it dere, so as t’ get me t’ chase along wid him, t’ steer him. Dat’s what he calls me guiding him. See?

“Well, de night me friend de barkeep give de reception at his drum I told de Duchess I has t’ see a felly ’bout a bull pup—was I tellin’ you about dat bull pup?—and she asks me wasn’t dat pup a grandfadder yet. I told her she was straight, dat it was de grandson pup I was chasing.

“Well, I makes de sneak, and meets Mr. Paul on de corner of Fourteent’ street and Fort’ avenue, and we chases t’ de new place of me friend de barkeep.

“Say, dere was a great gang dere. All de

Bow'ry swells, and dey give me de willing hand, and trows a drink down me troat as soon as dey piped me. I was dead hungry, so I tells de mug at de lunch counter t' chicken me, and den he hammed me and sandwiched me, and before I was tru feeding me face Mr. Paul had done de hand-shake wid every mug in de drum, and was a dead easy favorite. I knowed as soon as I seen de way he had captured de gang he'd never run up against it on de Bow'ry in a t'ousand years.

“Say, you never seen anything like de way he was jollying. Why, he could run a comic paper in a walk.

“Well, after Mr. Paul had done dem all fair, and we takes anodder bracer t' keep our healt' right against de rain, we says ‘s'long’ t' de gang and chases ourselves. ‘Chimmie,’ says Mr. Paul t' me, ‘Chimmie, I has passed a most joyous evening,’ he says, meaning dat tings had went his way, easy, ‘cause I'm onto dose dude langwudge, ‘a most joyous and destructive evening,’ says he, ‘and it would give me great graft’—no, ‘much pleasure,’ dat was it—‘much pleasure t' have you come wid me and feed your face’—no, ‘have some supper,’ dat's right—‘have some supper wid me.’

“Say, I'm dead on t' Mr. Paul. He don't care how nobody sizes up his game, see? I knowed

dat if he took it into his nut t' blow me off at de swellest rest'rant in town he'd do me proud, wedder all de dudes he knows was dere or not. Let me tell you: He has de long green t' burn a wet dog wid, and a joint in de country and a yacht and more horses dan a circus, and if he puts up some crazy game de real swells dey just laughs or lets on dey don't tumble, and de Willie boys dey runs round losing dere breat' telling how centrifugal—no, dat's not it. What! Eccentric? Yes, dat's right—telling how eccentric he is.

“So I says I was wid him, and we goes to a lot of places where Mr. Paul looks in; but we didn't break in 'till we strikes one where dere was a big flock of Willie boys drinking green mint, what's a kind of oil dat tastes like candy dey pours over ice.

“Before we goes in Mr. Paul cops me off straight for de game I was t' play. ‘Chames,’ says he, ‘I've heard you talk like dese Willie boys when you was kiddin’ Maggie de housemaid.’

“Say, I ain't got a curve dat Mr. Paul ain't onto.

“Den he says: ‘If I introduces you to any of dese Willies I wants you t' talk like dem, and do it wid a straight front. See?’ Dem's de very words he says t' me, and den we goes in, and all

de waiters near breaks dere backs bowing us t' dere tables.

“ Well, we takes seats, and all de mugs what was trowing green mint into dere faces begins piping me like dey never could get dere eyes shut again, 'cause most of dem knowed who I was, wid seeing me on Miss Fannie's carriage when I uster ride on de box. Well, pretty soon two of dem comes over to our table and gives Mr. Paul de sore-arm handshake. Don't you know what dat is? Dat's de handshake like you was trying t' keep de sun out of your eyes, sure.

“ As dey was sailing over to us, Mr. Paul says dat dey were bote working him hard for a invite to his yacht party, and after de handshake he introduces dem t' me, on de dead level, like I was one of dem, see.

“ At first dey kinder giggled and chuckled, like dey was having some fun wid dereselfs, but Mr. Paul stared at dem till dey tumbled, and den he ask dem would dey join us in a bottle.

“ Dey joined us, hard enough, but it was like dey had a invite t' join in a bumblebee party.

“ One of dem says t' me, says he, ‘Mr. Fadden,’ he says, ‘I faunce you don't dwink champagne often,’ says he.

“ Mr. Paul gives me de wink t' trun him, and I

says, 'Not often,' I says, like him, see? 'Not often. I tink it's quite a vulgah dwink, old chappie. I mostly dwink close Vu-jo or Chamber-tang,' I says.

"De Willie boy got red, but Mr. Paul only looks solemner dan before, and den I says t' de odder Willie, 'Old chappie,' says I, 'ain't you afraid dis champagne won't agree wid your mixed ale?' I says.

"Den dey bote jumped up, real saucy, and flew de coop widout so much as saying 's'long.'

"Mr. Paul looks tautful a minute, and den he says: 'Chames,' he says, 'how much better your friends treated me dan my friends treated you. I'm afraid, Chames, dat you have made dose little boys so cross dey won't come t' me yacht party. Derefore, pay de waiter wid dis five and divide de change wid him.'"

A LOST CHORD.

“O TTO!”

“See here, Tommy, you’ve called Otto often enough. Let’s go home.”

Tommy Paget stared at the Anarchist; he was usually the last to leave the supper-table. It was there he had his cherished opportunities to expound all the “isms” his editor disapproved; and so long as Lynn, Dunnigan, Paget, or any of the late men he chummed with would stay at the supper-table, Patsy, the Anarchist, never suggested leaving.

“Headache, Patsy?” asked Tommy.

“No, only you are such a complete ass about drinking, after you had had as much as a man should drink with his supper.”

This response of Patsy’s was greeted with laughter by all the men at the table, Patsy never having distinguished himself by continence in cups. Patsy himself grinned a little, and then said:

“It’s all right for you, Dunni and Lynn, who have been drinking with your suppers every night these fifteen years, and always go home as sober as a judge should be; but for this young cub to try

to get ahead of the malt-beverage production of the country makes me——”

“It makes you prosy, Patsy,” interrupted Paget. “Life is too long as it is for us to endure the Anarchist turned prosy. Otto!

“What, without asking, hither hurried *Whence*?
And, without asking, *Whither* hurried hence?
Oh, many a Cup of this forbidden Wine
Must drown the memory of that insolence!”

Tommy Paget trilled these lines as if they had the significance of a sentimental song—and no more; but the Anarchist started angrily, then laughed, and said:

“Well, Tommy, since you won’t go, I’ll tell you a story about the last time I heard a drunken man quote a Rubâiyât. The story may also throw an illuminating side-light on my present virtuous frame of mind concerning rum. All right, Otto!

“As you know, I was up North last week gathering pearls of scandal to embroider on that sensation Dunn has woven out of the Mason case.

“To catch a night-train down, I was driven over from Oroville to the town of Gridley, and upon inquiring how much late the train would be, found I should have the social delights of the town at my disposal until two o’clock in the morning. I had

a book and found a beer-hall, so was doing very well until I was distracted by the demands of an insufficiently drunken tramp to supply him with 'the forbidden Cup,' for which he offered to exchange a song.

"It is my belief that the Cup is a beneficent agency in promoting the survival of the fittest, so the bargain was made. He took whiskey—Gridley whiskey—and as much as the barkeeper would permit. Then he wobbled over to a piano, which had a tone like a keg of nails, and proceeded to make noises that gradually assumed a resemblance to 'The Lost Chord.' As he reached the bravura, 'It may be that only in heaven,' I suddenly became very much interested. He had swung into the big accompaniment as no one could who had not once played it perfectly, his voice cleared on the last notes, and he took them with evidence of careful training.

"I was suddenly conscious that I was listening to a man whose name, seven or eight years ago, was constantly in every social column in the city.

"He had been a society feature. His people were good; his musical education brilliant; handsome, well-dressed, and—clerk in a mining office at sixty dollars a month.

"You remember the case, Dunni—only a few

thousand short—friends squared it—disappeared—forgotten.

“There were tears in his poor, shallow eyes when I thanked him and asked him to sit at my table. He had a mustache and beard like a ragged chrysanthemum, and very little resemblance to a human being, yet it pleased me to act as if he were what I had known him to be. After he had accepted several payments for the song, and had a brave and merry heart, I let him know that I knew him—he had never known me.

“He told me graciously that he had just opened up a tremendously rich quartz-mine, and was then on his way to the city to order a mill, but would be delayed a day or so, as he had lost his trunk from the stage, coming down from the mountains.

“The game soon bored me, and I left him there. I walked up and down the main street for an hour, meditating on the all-pervading sweetness and light of existence and the mutability of railroad time-tables, until I was disturbed by cries from the halls of pleasure I had last left. Hurrying back there—it is deadly dull waiting for a delayed train past midnight—I found the proprietor of the place strengthening himself in righteousness by kicking my singer into the gutter. As he had already kicked him into insensibility, which was

all the victim, even, could have asked, I suggested that hostilities cease. They did not, so I accepted the pleasant opportunity of warming myself by thrashing the somewhat amazed proprietor.

“Tommy, when you give up being a journalist and become a newspaper man, by all means endeavor to get out-of-town details. They afford many pleasant and ennobling experiences, and some time it may even be your knightly fate to bark your knuckles against a bumpkin’s head in defence of a fellow-creature who is as drunk as he wants to be.

“I made the silent singer as comfortable as the facilities of the gutter permitted and resumed my walk, my pleasant meditations now enriched with reminiscences of the last time I had seen my singer. He had taken the leading part in a society drama played by swell amateurs for a fashionable charity. I had reported the affair.

“When I went to the station, at two o’clock, the agent told me that I had an hour longer to wait, so I was not half sorry to find my Lost Chord on the platform. I wanted some one to talk to, and the station-agent wanted to sleep.

“The Lost Chord was in a pretty bad way. The warmth of his cups had left him, and his clothes not being weather-proof, he was rapidly

shaking himself to pieces. He had forgotten the kicking, the superior agony of incipient delirium making the ache of bruised bones a matter of indifference. It seemed both wise and charitable to assist him to expire with a flash, rather than let him merely cease to exist for lack of energy to shiver longer, so I gave him my flask—a full one. He was soon as bold and happy a being as—as you were a few minutes ago, Tommy; and when my train came along, he was reciting poetry with fervor and eloquence. His bared and battered head was upturned to the glinting stars, and his rag-covered body was gracefully erect. I was grateful to—my flask.

“The train was scarcely under way when there was a sudden jerking of the bell-rope, and a pale-faced brakeman whispered to the conductor: ‘A damn tramp tried to jump us and fell between.’ I went back with the train hands, and as I leaned over him the Lost Chord smiled and murmured:

“‘Drink! for you know not whence you came, nor why!
 Drink! for you know not why you go, nor where!’

“In a few minutes he went—where?—and they shovelled it off to one side of the track.

“Otto! Fill Mr. Paget’s glass.”

“No, Patsy! Let’s go home.”



"HIS BARED AND BATTERED HEAD WAS UP TURNED TO THE GLITTERING STARS."

—Page 190.

AN IMMORAL PROVIDENCE.

I WAS attracted to Pinkey by his great liveliness and the fact that he wore a portion of the uniform of a district messenger-boy. "It may be," I thought, "that all messenger-boys are not born tired, but that that is a condition affecting them only when on duty." Pinkey, I concluded, was not on duty. He was uniformed only as to trousers, and he was, as I have said, most agreeably vivacious and alert.

I first saw him emerging from a basement coffee-shop, from which, as he passed a table near the door, he acquired an extra doughnut with great skill and neatness. On the sidewalk he met a uniformed companion.

"Hullo, Stubby."

"Hullo, Pinkey."

They were passing each other with this when Pinkey produced the doughnut and grinned. Stubby looked at it, then at the coffee-shop, and then he grinned.

"Give us a piece."

Pinkey broke the cake and was passing half to Stubby, when he hesitated, and asked:

"Got a cigarette?"

“Naw.”

“You’re a liar!”

Then Stubby grinned, produced a package, gave Pinkey a cigarette, took half the doughnut, and departed, slowly.

Pinkey lighted up and started rapidly down the street, but stopped suddenly in front of a hand-organ, on which was seated a little, shivering, pink-nosed, white poodle, holding a tiny basket in its mouth. Pinkey made a motion of depositing money in the basket, and the shivering poodle made a motion of kissing his hand. It was the poodle’s one poor little trick, and it amused Pinkey enormously; he made the dog do it over and over again, to the rage of the organ-grinder.

“Go away, you leetle-a hoodlum-a!”

Then Pinkey was in a rage. He glared at the organist with eyes contracted and chin extended, and said in a low, threatening growl:

“Soy, you call me a hoodlum agin an’ I’ll take a fall out of you!”

The Italian—who was a big, muscular fellow, with two sound legs tucked under him, and two wooden stumps strapped to his knees sticking out in front of him—looked ready to spring to his feet and demolish Pinkey.

“Soy, I’m on to you, young felly. If youse

jump me, de cop will see yer wood legs is fakes, and run you off de beat. See?"

Pinkey grinned after saying this, and made the poodle kiss his hands again, and then discovered that it was ravenously interested in the greasy doughnut Pinkey still carried.

"Oh, de purp's hungry; let's feed him," and he took the basket and began feeding the famished poodle, while the Italian nearly had a fit from rage.

"Well, so long, young felly!" exclaimed Pinkey, when he had fed the poodle poddy. "I'll be along to-morrow, an' if youse have whaled de purp fer eating de sinker, I'll put de cop on to yer fake legs."

Pinkey replaced the basket in the poodle's mouth, patted its head, grinned at the organist, shook his fist at him, and started down the street at a sprinting pace. I hurried after him from the show-window I had been pretending to examine, but his pace was such that I surely would have lost him had he not come into violent collision with a youngster about his size who was superintending the progress of a mechanical toy across the sidewalk.

"Who you running into, kid?" exclaimed the toy-vender, picking up his sample toy—a yellow ostrich, driven by a green man, in a red cart—and

placing it by the side of his stock of goods, on the edge of the sidewalk. Pinkey really had the wind knocked out of him by the collision, and could not reply at once. He was rubbing his hands in front of him—I had seen that trick before, and suspected what was to follow—and grinning, as he slowly approached the unsuspecting toy-boy. Without a word or sign of warning, Pinkey's right flew out and his fist landed hard and flush on the mouth of the amazed vender.

There was a short but very lively rally at close quarters, in which Pinkey was getting all the best of it (belonging to the leisure class, he had more time for the practice of the manly art of attack), when the gathered crowd was parted by the slow and dignified entrance into the ring of a policeman.

“Stop that!” exclaimed the officer.

The boys' arms fell to their sides.

“What's all this about?”

The toy-vender really did not seem to know what it *was* all about, and was silent; but Pinkey explained, without a second's hesitation:

“Why, Officer Mullin, dis kid was blocking up de whole sidewalk wid his tin toys, an' a lady nearly fell over one an' broke her leg, an' I says to him, ‘Let de lady pass; does de whole sidewalk belong to youse?’ An' he says he pays de cop—de

officer, I mean—for not running him in; an' knowing you, Mr. Mullin, I says he lies, an' he tries to tump me an'——”

The crowd giggled and the officer scowled.

“Pinkey,” he said, “you are a little liar. Go on about your business, or I’ll run you in for fighting; and you”—to the other boy—“keep your toys off the sidewalk, or I’ll run *you* in.” Then the officer moved off slowly, and still with dignity. While Pinkey was weaving his little romance, every eye was fixed on his eloquent lips: every one’s eyes except mine. I had discovered a peculiar motion of Pinkey’s feet. The tin ostrich and driver were being skilfully drawn apart from the stock of toys, and, when the officer moved off, the toy was between Pinkey’s shoes.

As the officer disappeared, Pinkey dropped his soft hat, with which he had been pretending to wipe his eyes, and, stepping back as he did so, the hat fell over the toy. When he picked it up and resumed his dabs at his dry eyes, I knew the toy was safely his, and wickedly rejoiced.

Then Pinkey darted off again; and I would have had great difficulty in following him had he not stopped every time he came to a toy-seller—the street was lined with them—to inquire if they were suffering for a fight, to blackguard them, and

sometimes to snatch off their caps to shy them under the wheels of passing vehicles. Suddenly we came upon a toy-seller surrounded by a group of smiling people. Pinkey edged in, and I followed. The prettiest child you ever saw, a girl four or five years old, was crowing and laughing in mad delight over a strutting tin ostrich drawing the accustomed green man and red cart. Her joy was so hilarious a crowd of smiling people had stopped to share it.

“Oh, mamma, I want it!” she exclaimed, at last, and she grabbed up the toy and hugged it to her bosom in an ecstasy of happiness. A woman, very poorly, but carefully, dressed, answered, in a low voice, in which there was sadness: “Come, Dorothy, mamma won’t buy it now; some other day.”

“But, mamma, I love it. Please dive it to Do’thy.”

The woman took from a very small purse a dime and offered it to the vender.

“Dem walking-toys is two-bits,” the boy said, with scorn.

The woman replaced the coin, flushed slightly, and, taking the child’s hand, said: “Come, Dorothy, put down the toy. We’ll buy something else, pretty.”

Dorothy's eyes filled and her lips trembled. "Nofing else is so booful," she said, and, putting down the toy, walked away with her mother, choking, but grittily silent.

Pinkey and I followed them. It was several blocks before they turned into a quieter side-street, and then Pinkey overtook them. "Here, little girl, dis is fer youse," said Pinkey, producing the toy he had sequestered. The child uttered a cry of delight, and had the toy in her arms in an instant.

"I—I cannot buy it. I am sorry," the mother said.

"Tain't fer sale," replied Pinkey. "It's a Christmas present."

"You are a very kind boy," the lady said, smiling sweetly; "but my little girl must not take your toy."

The situation was becoming involved and set about with social complexities which were too intricate for Pinkey's primitive understanding. He looked a puzzled moment at the woman, grinned very good-naturedly at the child, and then, with startling suddenness, turned and ran as if for his life. I lost him then, for he turned like a rabbit at the first corner. Having devoted three-quarters of an hour in a profitless but pleasing study of

Pinkey, I found myself just that much late for an engagement at my club, and hurried there, making up a proper excuse as I went. Just as I reached the street entrance, I was overtaken by the man my engagement was with, who said: "You got my note, then?"

"Your note?"

"I sent one here an hour ago, saying I should be detained. Heavens! what a racket!"

Down the street surged a mob of men and boys of all conditions, surrounding two fighting dogs. Nearest the fighters was Pinkey, and over all the other noises came his voice:

"Leave 'em alone, I soy! Dey 're even match, even weight. Let 'em fight!"

A policeman irrupted, and as a preliminary means of securing peace, aimed a kick at Pinkey. He avoided the kick neatly, so as to let it land on an inoffensive old gentleman, and squirming out of the crowd, to my surprise, darted toward me.

"Here comes the very boy I gave the note to. Here, you young brat! Didn't I give you a note an hour ago to deliver at this club?" Not for any space of a second was Pinkey embarrassed.

"Yes, sir; but I'm sorry, sir, dere was a runaway an'——"

“And you were killed, I suppose,” interrupted my friend.

“No, sir. It happened to be me poor old father, sir. His legs was broken, sir, and I had to tell the ambulance-driver where to take him, sir.”

“If the little beggar’s father was really run over, I’d better give him a dollar,” said my friend, who is sympathetic and credulous.

“Give him a dollar, anyhow,” I suggested.

THE LADY AT THE MORGUE.



MR. DUNNIGAN stopped before the wretchedest tenement of the poorest street in the Latin Quarter of San Francisco. He pulled from his pocket a folded wad of brown copy-paper, glanced at some pencilled figures, and entered the house. In the hall he met a police officer whom he saluted familiarly, and then asked: "Which room, Dan?"

"It's up three flights. The women will show you the room."

In the crowd of excited women on the third floor, Dunnigan found one who could speak enough English to answer his questions.

He was on a criminal case—an ordinary one, he thought—and soon learned all he wanted to know that the woman could tell. Then he entered the room to make a diagram for an illustration. There was little to note: a bed in one corner, in another a table on which were some bread, an empty beer-can, and a violin-case. The latter Dunnigan examined.

The woman, his informant, explained: "She play-a da piano, an' da man who kill-a her play-a da violin in da dance-a place."

Then Dunnigan went out into the street and was surprised to meet Mr. Patterson, evidently looking for the same house.

“Ain’t you off your beat, Patsy?”

“Don’t know yet. Are you working on this countess-killing?”

“Yes; but I didn’t think the story was big enough to attract special writers. What is there in it to bring you here?”

“Oh, I don’t know. Wasn’t this countess some kind of character-about-town once?”

Dunnigan and Patterson were the best of friends, but it was their business to be watchful of each other when they met on the same story.

“Never heard of her except when she has been brought in for drunk and disorderly,” answered Dunnigan, cautiously; and then suddenly he exclaimed: “There’s that blooming kid!”

This explosive reference concerned Mr. Tommy Paget, manifestly following a messenger-boy, who was carrying a beautiful basket of flowers.

Mr. Paget was closely pressed by a small army of street fry—ugly, dirty, ragged, thievish, and, as their numbers increased, belligerent.

The unusual sight, in their haunts, of a uniformed messenger and costly flowers had excited this uprising, and although Tommy’s cane had

prevented the pillage of the flowers, he was relieved when he caught sight of his friends.

The scared messenger hurried to the police officer: "Dis bokay is fer de murdered lady," he gasped.

"She's at the morgue," the officer replied.

The boy looked at his tormentors, and then at the flowers, so hopelessly, that the officer added; "But you can leave the flowers upstairs. The lady will be brought back after the inquest."

The incident, of course, attracted the close attention of the newspaper men.

Tommy Paget called Dunnigan aside—they worked on the same paper—and whispered to him out of the hearing of Patterson: "I happened to be passing the Quarter and saw the messenger make for this horrible hole with those flowers. I knew there must be some sort of story, so I followed the boy."

"You'll make a criminal-news detective, some time," growled Dunnigan, good-naturedly.

Patterson waited for the messenger to reappear, and started to follow, when Dunnigan called to him:

"Say, Patsy, of course there's a story in those flowers; but Tommy's close on that. So you work up what else you are on to, Tommy will dig up

the flowers story, and I'll finish the police end of it. We can exchange at dinner, as there's no chance of a scoop now."

This was agreed to, and the three men, escorting the messenger, walked back through the Quarter into civilization, and separated on their work.

They dined at Jacques', one of the little restaurants down by the newspaper shops. What if the claret is *petit bleu*? It is plentiful and makes glad the heart. If the carpet is wine-soaked sawdust, there need be less heed about lighted cigarettes. And Jacques *can* cook.

Mr. Lynn joined the party. He was dispirited, and attacked the *petit bleu* vigorously.

"Did you play the losing middleweight last night?" asked Dunnigan, sympathetically.

Lynn sighed, and swallowed a tumbler of *petit bleu*.

"Oi played the winner, Dunn," he said; "but wealth beyond the dreams av avarice—beyond me score at Morman's—could bring me no joy this day. The woman whose fair hands gave me me first dinner in San Francisco, whose sweet voice first gave hope to me dispondent heart, the Countess von Hoefel—"

"Oh, then *you* have the introduction to the

story! That makes it complete. Go ahead!" interrupted Patsy.

Lynn looked surprised at this business-like response to his rhapsody, but soon saw the situation and resumed:

"It was in the seventies—the bubbling, brilliant, bullion, bonanza days—when Oi, a youngster, broke, but hopeful, landed here. The very day after me arrival, Oi presinted a letter to a shporting gentleman—an ould-country frind av me father's—and he asked me out to the races wid him. Oi'd rather he'd asked me to breakfast; but next to eating, racing goes.

"The two-year-oulds were not great in those days, but the crowds that wint to see them were. The price av as many bottles as he could drink was in every man's pocket—except poor Terence Lynn's.

"The infield was as pretty a sight as you'd wish to see. Near where me frind shtopped his team, on the infield, was a dainty little victoria, wid a stylish pair av grays—'twas the fashion thin—and around it the jolliest crowd in all the field.

"'It's the Countess von Hoefel,' says me frind; 'Oi'll presint you.'

"We walked over to the victoria and edged our

way to its side; but when me frind had shpoken to her, she suddenly looked at me, and cried out: 'Terence Lynn! Don't you know me?'

"Oi cried back: 'Shure, if you wasn't the Countess von Hoefel, you'd be Nora Dolan!'

"At that she led the crowd in a laugh, and then threw her arms around me neck and kissed me square on the mouth.

"'You're a divil!' says she.

"'Oi'm a beggar,' says Oi.

"She shtopped laughing, and, looking at me earnestly, says: 'Are you well in the wurruld, Terence Lynn?'

"'Never better in me loife,' says Oi; 'for wid a pretty woman's hand on me shoulder, and her sweet eyes laughing and crying at me, how could Oi be bettei?'

"Oi now found meself as much stared at by the swells as was Nora herself, and one ould chap glowering at me in tragedy style. Nora saw it, too, and, wid a little wink at me, made me step into the victoria wid her, when she introduced me to a dozen av her gallants.

"'He's the boy,' she would say. 'Terence Lynn's the boy who led the crowd that dragged me carriage to the hotel the night I made me début as *Belle Hélène* in Dublin.'

“‘Son of the gentleman Oi’ve heard you speak av so often,’ says the scowling old man, trying hard to be polite.

“‘The same,’ says Nora, wid her color high; ‘you’ll dine wid me this night, Terence Lynn!’

“‘But Oi’m wid a frind,’ says Oi.

“‘And your frind, too. Any frind av your father’s son dines wid me when Oi order the dinner. We’ll all drive down to your place,’ she says to the scowler, ‘so go over and telegraph orders. Oi’ll not play this night.’

“He went. Oi noticed that any one about her was glad to get an order to do anything for her—whether to place a thousand on her choice in the races or open wine and serve sandwiches.

“But me story’s long. It was her influence put me on the papers at once, and to her Oi traced many a kindness to Terence Lynn. To many a struggling Bohemian—some av them up in the wurruld now—Nora Dolan did favors, sending buyers for pictures, and what not.

“In the two years Oi was in Washington, Oi lost track av her. To-day, in the office, while writing up the entries for the spring meeting, Oi overheard the boys saying that the poor creature murdered to-day was, in fact, the Countess von Hoefel.”

“Yours is the next chapter, Patsy,” said Dungan, turning to Patterson.

“It appears,” began Patterson, “that the sprightly portion of the existence of the late Countess von Hoefel, *née* Dolan, had that meteoric flight which, somehow, in this selfish world, seems, sadly enough, to distinguish the line of progress indicated by Lynn’s story.

“There was, in fact, a genuine Count von Hoefel, who deemed it not incompatible with his rank and dignity to permit the countess to pay his expenses from her earnings as an opera-bouffe star.

“The countess, in those golden days, had many admirers whose consideration for her greater comfort prompted their generosity to the extent of her entire maintenance in leisure.

“The count departed; his regret at his wife’s inattention to her professional career assuaged by a check from—I easily identify him—the man who scowled at Lynn.

“When her richest patron suddenly departed this life, it so happened that many of her other friends were in such financial stress that she was compelled to accept engagements in the small theatres. She tried to regain her old position on the stage, but years’ absence, and a life in which a natural aptitude for wine had had rare oppor-

tunities for development, made managers cautious, and *la belle comtesse* was soon below the surface, singing ballads in unnamed theatres. Her exact career is difficult to follow: she sang under assumed names, and the 'countess' was supposed to be merely a playful nickname by the lowly associates I have interviewed this afternoon. My investigation carried me, at last, to the underground concert-halls, whose stars are not in the astronomers' books because of the absence in those halls of printed programmes. But even from that career she disappeared, the one last note of her voice having succumbed to a persistent attack of rum.

"Now, Dunni, if you will kindly give us your end of the story, we shall soon have the lady comfortably and finally located in the morgue."

"Well, as I told you," said Dunnigan, "I knew of her as a woman I chanced to see brought in once in a while—never enough for an item—as a 'drunk and disorderly.' Sometimes she was brought in with her consort, a man known as 'Piano Charley,' and of late he has furnished an occasional item—being brought in for beating her.

"They lived in the room we saw to-day. They played—she the piano, he the violin—in a sailors' dance-cellars.

“There is little in my end of the story. He was drunker than usual last night, and not knowing when he had kicked her enough, kicked her to death.”

“By the way,” said Patterson, when Dunnigan finished, “Tommy was to dig up the story of the flowers. Did you bribe the florist’s boy to give the name of the man who ordered the flowers for the countess, Tommy?”

“Yes.”

“Well, what’s choking you? What’s the man’s name?”

“Terence Lynn.”

THE REHABILITATION OF CASEY.

IT is not probable that Casey knew he was well-born. If he did, he concealed the knowledge with a clever appreciation of what discomforts the fact, if known, would impose upon him, for he was a sly dog. But it is probable that he knew nothing of his high birth, just as he thought nothing of his seeming low birth; for the question of life—mere existence—was so ever-present and tremendous with him that its continuance was of much more concern than its origin. Blood may tell, but in the case of Casey it told nothing to his credit. He was just as disreputable, homeless, tagless, and thievish as any of the companions with whom he marauded, quarrelled, and struggled for maintenance.

Casey had fallen from the high and comfortable state to which he was born through no fault for which he was responsible, but owing to the verdict passed upon him by the coachman and gardener that he was a “runt.” At the time this terrible verdict had been given, Casey (then known to his aristocratic circle as “Rollo”) was feeding on the milk and bread of Plenty, without other

clouds in the summer sky of his young existence than such as were caused by the depressing knowledge that every one of his brothers and sisters could thrash him with ease—and did so with frequency.

It was partly this fact, observed by the coachman and gardener, and partly a whimsical mark over his eyes, which decided Casey's fate. The sentence was: Death by drowning!

The coachman was appointed executioner, and, to his credit, accepted the task with regret, for Casey, though small for his four months and lacking in beauty, being scarred with much disastrous war, was as plucky as any one of the litter. The housekeeper decided against a pail of water in the barn as the means of Casey's taking off, for, although admitted to be simple and convenient, as urged by the executioner, the story would be a sad one to relate to young Master Francis upon his return. "He must be *lost!*!" concluded the good woman significantly; "taken to the water-front and lost!"

Casey's mother and father were recorded in the Kennel books, by number, name, and pedigree, as the two best-bred fox-terriers in America, so there must be some pride of birth lacking in runts, or Casey would have shrunk instinctively when he found himself in the company of two young men

who were engaged in concealing stolen scrap-iron under a wharf, when disturbed by Casey's splashing in the cold water of the bay by their very side. His indignation at the coachman for throwing him into such unpleasant water may have had something—even much—to do with his absence of all haughtiness and restraint in the presence of low companions. After being fished out of the bay by one of the young men, and having his mouth held close to prevent his yelping—which might have attracted police attention—Casey at once fraternized with his new friends in a manner which showed, as before suggested, a total absence of pride of birth.

Casey was too young to be guided by the great moral truth that personal comfort—yea, safety—gained by the sacrifice of any principle, especially so sustaining a one as pride of birth, are but giddy and unsure. Finding that his choice of conditions lay between remaining quiet and alive, or yelping disapproval of his environment and getting drowned for it, Casey curled up on a coat, wagged his tail, shivered, and held his peace. Casey, it has been said, was young, and considered the conditions entirely outside of their ethical relations; his untaught mind accepted comfortable existence, even at the sacrifice of principle, as pos-

sessing advantages over non-existence under any circumstances, if there be circumstances relating to non-existence.

The task of concealing their plunder among the sea-wall rocks, to which the thieves' boat was fastened, proceeded without interruption until one of the thieves—a pleasant-faced lad—noticed Casey shivering so that he seemed to be about to shiver himself out of the world. The boy grabbed up Casey, clambered along the rocks until he came to one side of a pier running out from the wharf, looked about cautiously, saw no officer, and then carefully tossed the dog on to a bale of bags lying in the sun on the pier.

“Let der purp dry in der sun; he ain’t done no harm,” remarked the youth.

His kind action may have been prompted by the pleasing reflection that in saving Casey’s life he was preventing what some one had considered the performance of a duty.

The work beneath the wharf again proceeded in silence, and Casey slept in comfort until he was dry, and warm, and hungry. His hunger woke him; but his first impulse to proclaim the fact loudly was repressed by recollections of recent experience. Suddenly, however, he did begin yelping dismally, persistently—so persistently that his

young friend glanced cautiously up over the edge of the pier. What he saw made him snatch Casey and disappear under the wharf, with a warning whistle. The some one who had made Casey yelp and his friends scurry away with their boat under the darkness of the wharf came down the pier, looked about, shook his head, and said: "Th' young divils! Ef th' pup hadn't barked Oi'd been un to 'em."

It was a policeman, and because of his long, blue coat and brass buttons Casey mistook him for the coachman returning for an obvious and awful purpose.

The young thieves were delighted with Casey; he had repaid their service to him in kind. He was immediately named after the officer whose approach he had signaled, and fed, and made to understand that he deserved well. The aptitude he displayed for the training he was given showed he comprehended that his duty in life was to give his companions prompt warning of any threatened interruption, and to keep an especial lookout at all times for men in brass buttons and long, blue coats. Before he was a year old, Casey was known along the water-front, from Black Point to Mission Rock, as a more reliable lookout than any boy, and, of course, possessed of the additional ad-

vantage of not being counted in when the results of a day's—or night's—work were being divided. Yet Casey's was a hard life. He was not always even fed, and seldom sheltered, by his associates. Sometimes they disappeared for weeks at a time, when Casey would steal his meals, beg them from the wharf laborers at lunch time, or go hungry. His recollections of a time when he always had plenty to eat and a comfortable bed were growing dim, and might have disappeared entirely had he not been taken one day a long distance from the water-front with one of his young companions and a man he had frequently seen but never operated with. Casey felt proud of his company; he knew instinctively that his sphere of usefulness was about to be enlarged, and grander opportunities afforded him for the display of those talents for which he was justly renowned.

After a deal of walking over hills, the trio stopped near some large grounds enclosing a handsome house and stable. The man first approached and applied for work at the kitchen-door. He took the servant's refusal coolly, and made leisurely observations before he rejoined his confederates. Then the boy, with Casey at his heels, went to the kitchen-door and begged for something to eat. He got it and made his observations, also.

Casey was curiously affected by what he saw. He, too, appeared to be making observations, and all the way back to the water-front was so pre-occupied in mind that he narrowly escaped being run over half a dozen times, a carelessness which earned him several hearty kicks from the man.

In view of Casey's career, it is probable that his subsequent actions were as much prompted by a desire to revenge those kicks and other slights and insults as by any worthier motive.

Late that night the same trio walked to the big house over the hills.

Before they started out the man and boy ate a big supper and had plenty to drink, but Casey went hungry.

It was so dark and foggy that Casey had some trouble to recall the exact lay of the ground after the boy had entered the house through a window and the man through the kitchen-door, opened by the boy. Casey was cold, sore from the kicking, and hungry. He had been doing some hard thinking, and when everything was quiet in the direction of the house, he suddenly arrived at a conclusion, which may be attributed, according as you judge Casey, to a quickened conscience, or a desire for food, shelter, and such tokens of regard as are not expressed by hobnailed shoes. He stole

softly around to the carriage-doors of the barn and found a small entrance cut out of the bottom. Then Casey knew he had not been dreaming that afternoon, as he was half afraid might be the case. He found his way—easily enough now—to the coachman's room upstairs. When that amazed man had responded to Casey's persistent tugging at the bedclothes and made a light, he was a little frightened to identify his awakener as the runt he supposed he had drowned: there was no mistaking that curious marking over the eyes! Casey had little difficulty in urging the coachman to a quiet inspection of the kitchen-door and window, and then waited contentedly when the coachman as quietly departed for help. When it came—two officers—Casey signalled his companions inside the house with a yelping which had a suggestion of a joke in it; and when his companions ran plump into the officers' arms and were nicely handcuffed together, the joke seemed to strike Casey with fresh force, for his barking was unmistakably joyful, and it broke into a very hysteria of mirth when the aroused housekeeper caught him in her arms and exclaimed: "Lord love us! it's Rollo!"

Casey's hard experience in fighting for life on the water-front gives him an advantage in warfare which he turns to sweet purposes. He not

only frequently thrashes his brothers and sisters for the slightest lapses from conduct denoting a proper pride of birth, but occasionally whips his father and mother if he notices any inclination on their part to neglect those marks of respect due to his own unselfish and noble performance.

ANDRE WAS FRESH.

AN INCIDENT IN THE CAREER OF MARY HENNESSY.

“**A**NDRÉ is too fresh.”

This criticism was crisply made by Mary, after several vain attempts to blow an arrow of smoke through a ring which had preceded the arrow from her pouting lips.

Every one in the party had been lazily absorbed in the ring-and-arrow experiment; not that it was new, but the occasion was that listless half-hour after dinner when any careless diversion is welcome. So no one replied to the remark about André until John’s failure to induce a raisin to encrust itself with rubies in a glass of claret, as it will with diamonds in a glass of champagne.

This afforded a chance for Frank; and, in fact, he appeared to be particularly interested in Mary’s remark.

“André is the best waiter in the Café d’Or,” he said.

“André,” repeated Mary, beckoning to John for a fresh cigarette, “is too fresh.”

As there was something incisive in her tone, something which suggested a piquant reason for the comment, the party showed a willingness to

hear more, and did not notice a special eagerness in the interest of Frank and Sarah.

Mary's stories always interested her set. She made more frequent excursions into the outer world than did her companions, and they heard her experiences without envy and with profit. Some of them wrote up her stories into sketches and sold them; some of them got ideas for illustrations from the same lively source; but this graceless stealing of her material displeased her not at all—she ate, and drank, and smoked the proceeds of the stories and pictures, and remained the pet of the party.

Mary is—but I cannot describe her. You, dear reader, have not a dictionary of the newspaper-shop and studio slang in which alone I have heard her praises sung, and the language would convey but meagre meaning to your unused ear. It is enough to say, for this short acquaintance, that

“She dresses herself in her showy fal-lals,
And doesn't read Tupper a bit.”

She dresses herself to pose for her friends, the artists; she reads what the scribbling friends write—and thinks it monstrous clever.

After the north light has faded from the studios, and before the electric-light draws its reluctant

moths into the newspaper shops, she and her set dine in a droll little restaurant with sawdust floors, strangely mixed company—and a cook who shall have an obituary which will make the angels turn green with envy, if I outlive him and his sauces!

Mary took her cigarette, and as she plucked the redundant weed from one end, Frank said:

“Well, what’s André been doing?”

“As you know, children, I did not dine with you last night. I——”

“You dined with that unsufferable Mortan!” suddenly interrupted John; “I might have known he was not hanging around my studio for art alone when you were posing for——”

“Posing for art alone, Johnnie, as you have not paid me last week’s wages, which you could have done, as Mortan, on my sweet account, paid *you* your own price for that Tamalpais sketch.”

“Johnnie, dear,” lisped Sarah, “if you will kindly keep still until some one asks you to speak, we shall have—er—ah—eh?”

Sarah did not finish her sentence—she seldom does; but as John kept still, Mary began once more:

“André is too fresh. If it were not so, the young but *not* insufferable Mr. Mortan would still

cherish in me his ideal of a sweet young thing, willing, under tremendous pressure, to witness, in timid and awe-struck amaze, his terrific plunges into the mad, wicked world; would still regard me as a modest, wayside violet, trembling in the glaring flood of light which his, er, bold and naughty, er—what's the matter, Sarah, love?"

Sarah was giggling, and Frank, who had looked at his watch several times, said :

"Just boil the story, Mary, sweetheart. I must slide to the shop, soon; and while I dote on you when you talk grand, you never arrive. Now, Mortan is a sweet, inexperienced boy, recently afflicted with a million. He met you in John's studio and was moved with the commendable impulse to give you a new experience. Go on from there."

"When I am worth two hundred millions," resumed Mary, icily, "I shall buy you, Frankie, and present you with your leisure, so that conversation may be possible in your company. Well, we—Master Mortan and I—went to the *Café d'Or* for dinner. I feel sure I looked charmingly frightened as André ushered us into a *cabinet particulier*. But André started in to 'pi' things at the very start. Mortan held a chair for my fluttering form on the mirror side of the table;

André pulled out the opposite chair, with the cheerful remark, 'Mademoiselle prefers this side.'

"Mortan looked a trifle queer, but proceeded to order dinner in a kindergarten manner, which caused André to favor me with a long, solemn wink. I looked back with my well-known haughty stare—the one I practised for Johnnie's picture, 'Rejected'—but it ended dismally, for just then Mortan ordered a sweet wine. André nearly fainted, but did not, I grieve to say. Instead, he murmured: 'And for mademoiselle? Shall I *frappé* a bottle of some dry brand? She can not drink sweet.' I dropped my haughty look and tried a beseeching one, but André appeared to be too indignant with Mortan to notice me—I was not in it. Neither my feelings nor the general tone of the situation were improved by André's next effort. I had, with great difficulty, been prevailed upon to try just one cocktail before the dinner began—merely to learn what they were like, urged my *blasé* vis-à-vis—and when the order was given, André asked Morton if he would have a dash of absinthe in *his*, also. Morton appeared to notice the fact that I had said nothing about a dash of absinthe in *mine*, and André's *also* made Mortan think—or try to."

"Mary!" broke in Sarah, in assumed terror,

“did André tell Morton that you never eat potatoes or sugar, because they make you fat, and did he——”

“André was so thoughtful as to give both those warnings, Sarah; but how did you guess? He also requested Mortan to add a little red pepper and lime to the seasoning of my fillet; he asked me if I would have a double proportion of oil in my plain salad-dressing, ‘*as usual*,’ and made things agreeable for me in my *jugéne* rôle in so many cheerful ways that his *faux pas* seemed almost inspired. Poor dear Mr. Mortan was quite bewildered; and when I finally consented to smoke just one cigarette, gave me his jewelled case with some evident doubt whether I would not offer him one instead.”

“And did you, sweetheart?” asked John.

“No; but André, when he passed the case, saw that it contained Cairós, and promptly gave me a package of Virginias, gallantly explaining, at the time, that *they* were my choice. Even that might have not entirely penetrated Mortan’s sweet little head, but the last act queered me. When my luxurious host rang for a carriage to send me home in, he started in to give André my address. Then that most extraordinary waiter bowed suavely and said: ‘N’importe. The driver will know—’

Sarah, what *are* you laughing at? The story is tragic!"

"I know, dear; but André did so well! Frank and I were in the next *cabinet* and coached André between the courses."

“ME SIDE PARDNER.”

A STORY OF A SOUGHT-FOR SCOOP.

MR. DUNNIGAN was smilingly receiving the congratulations of the other newspaper men who gathered around Morman's supper-table. He had given his paper a sensational scoop that morning, and every man who congratulated him immediately asked :

“But how did you get on, Dunn?”

“I got on to the story by accident, and that's how nearly every scoop is brought in,” answered Dunnigan, modestly.

“If a story comes through the regular channels, there's no chance for a scoop, and the newspaper men who go about looking for chance stories exist only in novels written by men who don't know a detail-book from a scare-head—barring Tommy Paget, here. But Tommy is not a newspaper man—he's a journalist.”

“More power to him!” exclaimed Mr. Lynn; “don't moind him, Tommy. Shure, Dunn is jealous of ye. It's the young gintlemen loike you who are elevating the profeshion, and the old hacks loike Dunn and me must give way before the new *régime*, of which you are at once the

ornament and pride. A glass of beer wid you, Tommy."

Tommy, who by this time was flushing slightly, turned to Patterson, and said with lofty scorn:

"It's your turn, Patsy, to score me; jump in."

"I'd strike bottom too quick," responded Patsy.

"Any one else want to contribute?" asked Tommy, with severe politeness; "if not, I'll just remark that while I am humbly sensible of my sad deficiencies as a journalist, which, by the way, did not prevent my earning more on space last week that Mr. Dunnigan ever got as a salary, I am still unwilling to admit that because I keep broke by retaining a membership in a decent club instead of by playing poker, like Dunni, or because I still hold on to some decent social connections, instead of totally outcasting myself, as all of you have, I am unwilling, I say, to admit that I may not aspire to the dizzy professional heights capped by that group of graces, Lynn, Dunnigan, and Patsy."

Tommy grew redder still at the roar of laughter which greeted his fine speech, and glared haughtily at Lynn, who exclaimed:

"Get out of th' ring, you Dunni, and you Patsy! David has come again, and I'm his prophet,

backer, and bottle-holder. Bring on your heavy-weights. Otto, a schooner for Mr. Paget!”

Tommy continued to glare at his grinning friends for a time, but soon joined the grin, for, though bristling with pugnacity, there was no one in the party more alive than Mr. Paget to the futility of solitary grandeur in a company of average mortals.

“I was about to remark,” he said, with recovered good-nature, “before you all brayed at me, that Dunni may be right in saying that most scoops are accidental; but sometimes they are looked for. You remember my scoop in the Melbourne Rest robbery?”

There was no immediate response. It is probable that every one at the table did recall; but, then, most of us are sluggish in remembering other men’s scoops.

“Well, I *did* get that scoop, and I *did* get it because I looked for it. It was about a year ago. I had been doing the introduction to a Patti first-night, and was in evening-dress; so when I turned in my copy, as it was raining, I rang for a coop. When I told the driver to take me up here, he told me there was to be a quiet chicken-fight in the Melbourne Rest.”

“Oh, Tommy, break away,” interrupted Dunni;

"you got that scoop through the accident of ringing for a coop, the driver of which happened to be on."

"That's so," admitted Tommy, somewhat crest-fallen; "I *was* put on by an accident."

"They won't let you tell your story, Tommy, but I'll prove your proposition that all scoops are not accidental," said Mr. Patterson. "Years ago, I lay in bed one morning, reading what I had written the night before, as you all do every morning of your lives, gentlemen. After damning the proofreading, as you all do, and admiring my stuff, which still shone despite the efforts of a stupid editor to take the shine out—as you all admire *yours*—I bethought me of the varied uses I could make of the additional stipend resulting from a scoop. I said, 'My dear Patterson, pursue the day's doings of the first person whose identity is jogged into your life this day, if his or her life is open to inspection, and you will get a story.'

"That afternoon I met, on a street-crossing, a man I had to interview, and we stood where we met until I was suddenly nearly knocked, or pushed, down. When I recovered my usual dignified bearing, I found that I had been pushed from in front of a runaway team by a very bright, exceedingly self-possessed, and soiled young person,

who drawled out between puffs of a cigarette, ‘Yer chump, did yer want ter get killed?’

“I discovered that my polite and efficient friend was a newsboy I had sometimes ‘staked’—I quote his vernacular—at early hours in the mornings, when he confided to me that his game of ‘crusoe’ had resulted in breaking him.

“I knew him only as ‘Pete,’ and knew him so well that I anticipated his next remark: ‘I’m dead broke, Mr. Patterson, an’ ain’t got no stake fer de evenin’ poipers.’

“I staked Pete, and took him to a clothier’s, where I had credit, and furnished him with a suit of clothes—which he called a harness—when it occurred to me that he was the person I should pursue for my story.

“He thanked me profusely for the gift, and declared that he wanted to run home and ‘show de harness to me mudder an’ fadder.’

“I followed, unobserved, and discovered that it was to another relative Pete wanted to display his fine feathers, for, in half an hour, he emerged from a pawnshop dressed in his old suit of rags, and with four dollars of his uncle’s coin in his pocket.

“I felt fairly rewarded for my pursuit, and convinced that I was on the track of a story, if not a scoop.

“Pete made a bee-line for an alley back of an evening newspaper office, where I observed him lose my stake and his uncle’s loan in the varying fortunes of ‘crusoe,’ played with undaunted courage but poor luck. I concluded, in the wisdom of experience, that I could then afford to relax my watch, that, if left alone, Pete would soon hunt *me* up.

“On my way down to the editorial rooms, after dinner, Pete waylaid me. ‘Me fadder broke his leg in de foundry,’ he began, “an’ me mudder sent fer de doctor, who said me fadder’s leg could rot before he’d touch it, ‘less he had five plunks down in advance, de snoozer! So I ups an’ shoves de harness wid me uncle, an’, wid wot yer staked me, I raised de five, see? An’ so I’m broke, bein’ a good boy, an’ lovin’ me mudder.’

“Thereupon, Peter wept plentifully, being excited with his efforts of the imagination and lack of dinner.

“Then I took my potential scoop to a coffee-house—‘a bun-joint,’ in his slang—and fed him. In the honesty begotten of a full stomach and contented mind, Pete confided to me that he had ‘no fadder, nor mudder, nor brudder, nor nothin’,’ but lived in the ‘place’ of his ‘side-pardner.’

“Pete’s side-partner, he explained, was Glasgow

Jack, the keeper of a slogging-den—a kind of place, Tommy, which flourished in this community before the promotion of slogging was made the vocation of the male two hundred.

“Glasgow Jack’s, being an all-night place, was frequented in the early hours of the morning by men, who, having the drear prospect of another day close at hand, sought to ameliorate their conditions by that forgetfulness which comes from an early glance at a morning paper.

“Pete, in exchange for the privilege of sleeping on the mattress used for wrestling-matches, brought the earliest papers to Glasgow Jack’s, thereby holding Jack’s customers, to the profit of the bar. It seemed a fair bargain, as Pete explained it, but the chances for a scoop were not improving.

“To make sure of my game, I agreed with Pete to stake him in the pressroom as soon as the paper was off, and we parted.

“That night I went down to the pressroom, on the elevator, with the last plate, and there was Pete, fighting, with science and success, to maintain his place at the head of the line of waiting newsboys, all anxious to get bundles for the all-night places, where two-bits is often picked up for an early paper.

“It was too dark to follow Pete, so I told him I

had a notion to meet his 'side-pardner,' and hurried along with him to Glasgow Jack's.

"It was the usual place—you remember the type, Dunni? A basement, a square 'ring' in one end; some dumb-bells and Indian clubs scattered about, a pool-table, with leaden cushions, a half-dozen beery card-tables, a bar, and a patronage of pugs, low rounders, and dreary young men who fancied they were seeing life by poisoning it.

"Pete's advent woke up the place. My very considerable knowledge of what the paper contained—I had watched the make-up—had given me no impression that *all* our news pertained to fights and fighters, racers and racing, murders and murderers. The crowd there, however, found nothing else in the paper, and was soon expressing its interest in those phases of life by animated discussions of them over the most unthinkable whiskey. I took a glass of it with Glasgow Jack, who treated me with that considerate—shall I say fraternal?—kindness our profession ever receives from his.

"Jack laughed when I asked him about Pete. 'I'm kinder stuck on der kid,' said Jack; 'dere's no flies on 'im, an' I'm goin' to do der right thing by him. I was thinkin' it would be der proper game ter give der kid some schoolin'. He kinder

takes to literary ways—selling papers, and that. I'm doin' pretty well, an' ain't got nobody wid a string on me sack, so I was thinkin' mebbe I could send der kid to one of dem schools in der country, where he'd get away from dis gang and brace up a little, and be a lawyer, or somethin'. He's kinder got ter me, yer see, and I'm sorter soft on der kid.'

"I knew Glasgow Jack to be the toughest character in the city; but just the way all the villainy went out of his wicked eyes when he spoke of Pete has secured him a graceful epitaph—if I have the pleasure of knowing of his death.

"There must have been some very exciting sporting news that night, for the crowd became noisy and drunk in discussing it.

"It was such a nasty outfit that I should have left before Pete returned, but I had resolved to see him through one day. When he did return, his papers all sold, Jack motioned him to come over to us, but a couple of men at an adjoining table stopped the boy, and one of them offered him a drink of whiskey. Jack called out: 'Let go, now! You know I don't want Pete offered any drink.'

"The man laughed in an ugly way, and replied: 'You are getting too pious, Jack. If the kid's yours, why don't you say so. If he ain't, don't be

so funny about him.' The man, by a quick grip, opened Pete's mouth and threw some whiskey in it.

"Jack sprang at him and hit him before he could rise. The man's pistol was whipped out, and he pulled with a dead drop on Jack but just as he pulled Pete jumped in between them and took the ball in his head.

"Every one was silent and motionless for several seconds, as Jack caught poor little Pete and laid him down, with a woman's gentleness, on the saw-dust floor.

"Suddenly, with lightning swiftness, Jack pulled and shot. The man fell backwards. Jack stood over the body, and, with horrible calmness, emptied the revolver into the man's face.

"I was kneeling by Pete's side when his eyes opened. He whispered something, and I put my ear to his lips. 'When you write it up,' he murmured, 'be sure an' say me side-pardner never pulled his gun till after de odder feller had de drop on 'im!'"

AT THE OLIVEDO.



ALTHOUGH I was never formally introduced to Jimmy, I became very well acquainted with him during our first meeting. He was astride his horse at the time, and when he suddenly drew up in front of me, and regarded with serious attention a rifle I was cleaning, I took advantage of what appeared to be an auspicious opportunity to increase my list of acquaintances, and asked him if he had ridden far that day. Jimmy cocked his head in calculating silence, stroked his horse's neck kindly, and then, regarding my rifle again attentively, answered:

“Yes, I rode to San Francisco this morning and” (a slight gasp) “back again.”

I looked at Jimmy in amazement, for the ride he had taken was much more of a feat for him than for his horse. We were in the Los Gatos hills at the time, and his horse was a crooked manzanita stick about three feet long. I suddenly concluded that my acquaintance-list had indeed been enriched, and, forcing all amazement from my voice, remarked seriously that he had taken a pretty long ride for one day. Jimmy furtively ex-

amined my face, and, finding there no signs of doubt, added, with the unction of one who, having made a hit, hastens to profit by it:

“Oh, yes, pretty long; but I’ve been to San Jose and back since then.”

Jimmy being satisfied that I was a safe target, did not even swallow hard when he fired this last shot. He was about four years old, had half-curling blond hair, big gray eyes, and the sensitive mouth and tremulous under-lip belonging to the inspired romancists. Although he told me he had lived thirty-seven years in the house over the way I had just seen him come from, I knew his people were city bred from his own manner of speech and the stylish jersey and knickerbockers in which he was dressed. I was mentally mapping out a career for Jimmy when my mental conflict as to whether he should be a sensational preacher or a social reformer was interrupted by his asking:

“What’s that?”

“It’s a gun.”

“What kind of a gun?”

“A rifle.”

“What’s a rifle?”

“A gun to shoot bullets with,” I responded, sowing simply that I might reap speedily.

Jimmy caught on.

"So's mine a rifle," he said, and I knew I should reap at once.

"Do you kill much with it?" I asked. Some may blame me for thus leading Jimmy on, but I hold that he does wrong who fails to encourage genius, wherever discovered.

Jimmy was prepared. "Oh, yes," he responded not too briskly; "I killed thirteen quail the other day."

"With one bullet?" I asked, carelessly.

Jimmy's eyes thanked me for the suggestion, but his tender poet-mouth was grave, as he replied:

"Yes; thirteen with one bullet: seventeen hens and four roosters."

Jimmy must have seen my tremble of delight, for he asked, anxiously:

"How many does seventeen and four count?"

"Thirteen."

"That's what I said before, wasn't it—thirteen?" he added, the anxiety dying out of his face.

"Yes; thirteen."

"What's that?" Jimmy next asked, pointing to the rifle trigger with one brown, chubby hand, while the other switched some wild flowers with his horse.

I was explaining the use of the trigger, when

there drove up a gentleman and lady, whose acquaintance I had made the day before in the cañon where we were all fern-gathering. They proved to be Jimmy's parents. I knew of them only that they were Eastern people, who had lived in the neighborhood a year; the husband health-seeking, and happy because he had found it, and the wife very much bored—possibly for the same reason. They were in a two-seated wagon, and in quest of Jimmy. They were going to drive down the cañon, to the Griswold ranch, to see the result of an olive-oil experiment, and wouldn't I like to drive down and see the young *olivedo*?

I would, and I did. We walked through the brown-leaved grove, listened attentively to Griswold's explanation of the uses of horsehair and silk filterers, and of the possible advantages of druggist's paper and bone charcoal in the clarifying process.

I observed Jimmy, in the oil refinery, take up a half-filled bottle Griswold had shown, and which we had tasted. When his parents' backs were fairly turned, Jimmy placed the bottle to his lips, and took a quick, deep draught. I saw then that, despite his tremulous lips, he was of the material which forms martyrs. The great swallow of oil itself, aside from the surprise at not finding it

Sauterne, was enough to force a tell-tale commotion from an older person than James. Yet that youth gulped the dose, laid down the bottle with only a reproachful glance, recovered himself with a shiver, glided up to his mamma, and asked, in a stage-whisper, audible to all:

“Do you think, mamma, Mr. Griswold will give us some wine before we go?”

The mother’s embarrassed “Hush, child!” was followed by Mr. Griswold’s: “Jimmy barely anticipated me.”

We accepted his invitation, and some excellent Sauterne was in fact served in the orchardist’s cottage.

“Only a quarter of a glass for him, please,” said the mother, when wine was being poured in Jimmy’s glass.

A generous host’s quarter is a half, and Jimmy got fully that and drank it slowly, after the manner he observed in his mother, toward whom he maintained a deportment of patronizing respect.

“I will show you the rugs Mrs. Griswold sent down from the city, if you like,” Mr. Griswold said to Jimmy’s mamma. And she did like—it was the first idea she had liked so far as my observations went. She followed Mr. Griswold, and her husband went with her. I was about to

go also when my eye caught Jimmy's, which was in the process of bestowing upon me such a comprehensive wink that I could do no less than repay his confidences by remaining.

That seasoned child then poured himself a full glass, and it passed behind his sweet young lips with a steady rapidity that went well with the accompanying look he gave me over the rim of the glass.

"I'm afraid you are a hard drinker, Jimmy," I remarked.

His large gray eyes were beginning to crowd out in a way suggesting a determination to see more of the world than was possible under normal conditions—a freak I have noticed in older eyes similarly affected.

Jimmy ignored my remark and asked:

"Did you ever kill a lion?"

I admitted I had not.

"There was one nine feet high up the cañon last week," he added.

"Did you kill it?"

"Yes; I just took and shot it in the——"

Jimmy observed a smile on my lips, and instantly drew in his eyes to regard me more closely, then added, without a falter:

"Mr. Griswold, he shot it in the leg, and I

trained it and chased wild cattle with it all night once, but it got tired and I left it in the mountains."

The young man observed that I was soberly receptive, and then added:

"I had to walk home, or I wouldn't have cared."

Just then my little romaneist's mamma returned, carrying a rug which she showed Mr. Griswold would be most effective hung on the wall; and during the inspection of effects, Jimmy silently, carefully withdrew, sturdily overcoming a disposition on the part of his legs to collapse.

A quarter of an hour later we started for our wagon, and Jimmy not being in sight, I offered to hunt him up, hoping to save his parents a surprise. I found him just back of the bar astride a fence. "Astride," did I say? He was attached to the fence; was a part of it as though he had grown there. His beautiful full lips had tightened a trifle, and were a little pale as he opened them, upon seeing me, to ask:

"Did you ever see a singing scarecrow?"

I felt certain that Jimmy would not know what opera troupe I referred to if I answered "yes," and so I told him I had not.

"They're bully!" James continued. "I've got

one in my ten acres of barley, and they scare the gophers more'n a gun."

I told Jimmy we were going back, but he did not move. "Come on, Jimmy!"

The boy regarded me in silence a moment, and said, reproachfully:

"I can't get down."

I thought the best plan would be to straddle him on my shoulders and run to the wagon, as if we were skylarking, and plant him on the back seat with me before his condition could be noticed.

The skylarking appearance I felt to be all on my side, for Jimmy sat on my shoulders with the solemn air of a justice on the bench, or a Knight Templar on parade; but when I had him in the wagon by my side he grasped one of my hands in both of his, and gave me one quick glance which showed his appreciation of my little strategy. He continued to hold my hand—more perhaps as a guarantee of his steadiness than as a continued expression of thanks.

Driving home, Jimmy interrupted a long silence on his part by whispering huskily, yet seriously:

"I once killed a snake, and he had a million rattles."

"What did you do with them?" I whispered back.

He was quiet so long after my question that I might have thought he slept, but for the look of anxious thought in his eyes. At last, without looking up, he said, slowly:

“Sold ‘em for beans,” and again lapsed into grave contemplation of his mother’s back hair, in which condition he remained until we reached my domicile. There I said, still having the young man’s, as well as his parent’s, peace of mind in view:

“I want to show Jimmy my fishing-tackle,” and hurriedly repeated the skylarking trick, rushing him into my room, while his people drove on, with admonition not to let Jimmy bother me.

I laid the youth on my bed, where he slept soundly, while I finished cleaning my rifle and read novels on the balcony outside.

Two hours later James emerged from my room, and walked toward me as one oppressed with a great grief.

“What’s the matter, Jim?” I asked, as his little hands tenderly, wonderingly felt his head.

“Bumped my head on the gate this morning. Got any water?”

“Where does it hurt?” I inquired.

“All over—bumped it all over. Ever bump yours?”

BEHIND THE PORTIERES.

AT Pierre's they were talking about Johnny's party. He was not to give the party in the sense of inviting the guests. Col. Bob Billings had made up a studio party, secured a chaperon for the buds, and Johnny—John Ascott—was of course delighted to offer his studio and his services for the occasion.

"What do they do, anyway?" inquired the model, Miss Hennessy. "They don't smoke nor drink; they have no shop to talk. What do they do?"

"No shop to talk!" exclaimed Tommy Paget, who was looked upon as an authority in matters pertaining to the upper world, having an aunt residing therein. "They talk shop more than we do—their shop. Mrs. Jack Daring, the chaperon Col. Billings has been lucky enough to secure, is the most interesting and original woman in town. I've met her at my aunt's. She can just knock you over with her *bel air* or be as jolly and simple as—as—well, as one of the girls here. You know they say that she sometimes joins her husband's stag dinners for black coffee, and takes a cigarette

with the men. You never can tell how much truth there is in such stories. But although she has the reputation of being eccentric in that way, she is the one woman in town careful mothers prefer to have chaperon their daughters. She knows what the buds must avoid to escape being wilted, I suppose."

"I should like to hear a real swell woman talk," Mary said, meditatively, holding out her glass for more claret. "I've seen them at the theatres, don't you know, and always wondered what they were talking about—they are always so beautifully groomed."

"Just in what way do you fancy their grooming affects their conversation?" inquired Tommy Paget.

"Don't be funny, Tommy. I spoke of their groomed appearance because it is the most attractive thing about a swell to the eye of the artist."

"Will the eye of the artist kindly cast itself over Sarah, here, and state wherein she, for instance, lacks grooming?"

Mary did look over at Sarah thoughtfully a moment, and then said: "Sarah is the sweetest thing alive, and with her slightly surprised eyes looking at me through the cloud of smoke escaping from her warm and generous mouth, I am smitten with

her dearly; but Sarah is—is—ah! is coming around here to assault me."

Mary and Sarah whispered together, and then Mary said:

"Johnny, why can't Sarah and I make a sneak into the dressing-room to-morrow before the party get there? We can peep through the portieres and not be seen."

"Yes, and hear what they say," added Sarah, who had an ambition to write a society novel, and saw a chance to get the only material she thought she lacked.

"You'll do some blooming thing to cause a discovery," objected Ascott, who was specially anxious for the success and propriety of his party, some of his artist friends having secured buyers through parties at their studios.

But one man's objections cannot stand before two pretty women's insistence, and it was arranged as Mary suggested.

The girls were in the studio early the next afternoon. "And it's well we're here!" exclaimed Mary, casting a look of horror about the room.

"A paper bag of lemons, another of sugar, a black bottle of gin, and a siphon of soda are good enough accessories for our gang, Johnny; but they must not be in sight when the swells arrive."

The gin-fizz outfit, as well as several unornamental pipes, glasses, spoons, decks of cards and poker-chips, were hidden in the dressing-room. The banjos, guitars, copper kettles, vases, bits of fabrics, casts, weapons, rugs, furs, and other ornamental accessories were arranged in attractive carelessness; the pictures that it was hoped might find buyers were placed in the best light, and Johnny admitted that the shop looked better as a result of the girls' "fussing."

"Now, sneak!" said the artist, when the guests were heard at the foot of the stairs.

The girls ran into the dressing-room, an alcove separated from the main room of the studio by a portiere extending only up to the spring of the arch. They were seated on a trunk awaiting a safe moment to look out, and making their enforced silence endurable with cigarettes, when an arm was thrust through the portiere parting. A fist shook at them violently, then waved frantically toward the arch. Sarah saw first. Their smoke was lazily winding in gray banners over the portiere pole out into the studio. After a few moments' frightened silence, Mary placed her mouth close to Sarah's ear and whispered.

"Fizz?"

Sarah nodded.

Mary began operations on a lemon with a dull-palette-knife and it slipped with a jingle, the glasses clinked, the siphon hissed uncommonly, and the sugar-spoon dropped to the floor with a rattle.

Then Ascott's voice was heard, louder than usual, with a note of hysteria in it:

"Pardon me one moment, Mrs. Daring. I will step into my dressing-room; there is a little sketch there I should like to have your opinion of. Just a moment."

Johnny appeared before the girls, wrapping the portieres about him as he passed through them, so as to leave no opening for observation. He tore his hair, rolled his eyes, and showed every sign of approaching frenzy as he whispered:

"The chaperon suspects. Please don't make such noises! If she discovers you, I am ruined!"

The girls looked humbly apologetic, crossed their hearts, and Johnny withdrew with a sketch he picked up.

Soon the conversation became livelier; groups walked from picture to picture, lounged about the little ante-room where the lunch Col. Billings had ordered was served, and talked art as it is known to the amateur. Mrs. Daring, the chaperon, a splendid Junoesque woman, with beautiful,

frank eyes and almost girlish mouth, called to Ascott:

“It is a bore to have your shop talked to you, but I want to ask you to have that Portia—you call it Portia, do you not?—sent to the framer’s for me. You have Mr. Daring’s office address; kindly let him know the price.”

“You are very kind, Mrs. Daring, to care for it.”

She was gradually drawing the artist toward the portieres, and did not pause until her dress touched it.

“I like the face exceedingly” she said. Then, suddenly, “You are to be congratulated on your model.”

“Have you seen her?” gasped Johnny.

“Seen her! Her face is on twenty canvases in this room. If she were on the stage, her face would be her fortune. Could she act? Is she clever?”

“She is extremely stupid,” Johnny said in a slow, distinct voice.

He thought he discovered a smile come and go quickly over Mrs. Daring’s face.

“She does not look it,” she remarked. “I should really like to see her. One reads such piquant stories about studio models. If I could only see her and not have it known!”



"YOU ARE REALLY A VERY HANDSOME GIRL, AS I SUPPOSED."—Page 269.

Johnny was in a cold tremble. Mrs. Daring was looking at him with such knowing eyes.

“I dare say,” she continued, “she would like to see me as much as I should her.”

Johnny almost fainted. “Of course, we would not speak if it would be indiscreet to do so,” the chaperon added.

“Well, then,” gasped Johnny, who saw that Mrs. Daring had grasped the situation. “Now! While all the people are over by the lunch!”

With a quick movement, the chaperon was absorbed within the fulness of the portieres. Sarah was hiding her face out of a window, but the model, extremely flushed and defiant, faced the chaperon. The latter regarded Mary through her lorgnette calmly but good-naturedly.

“You are really a very handsome girl, as I supposed,” she said in a low voice.

Mary started.

“Oh, they won’t hear now; they are making such a noise over the lunch. I was convinced you were here when Mr. Ascott looked so miserable at the cigarette smoke, and started so at the little sound of a spoon and glasses. I’m rather clever about finding out such things. By the way, you did have some glasses, did you not?”

Mary, now quite as self-possessed as Mrs. Jack Daring, turned toward the siphon.

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Daring, following Mary's glance. "Can you—a—mix them?"

Mary deftly and rapidly compounded two mixtures in long, thin glasses, and gave one to the chaperon.

After one sip Mrs. Daring whispered:

"Excellent! You see there are several quite young girls in the party, so I told Col. Billings to provide only lemonade and chocolate to drink, but a chaperon requires something more—a—sustaining. Really, this is quite the best I ever drank, and Mr. Daring makes a capital one."

She finished her glass. "Yes, you are quite as handsome as I hoped, and I fancy not at all stupid."

At dinner that night at Pierre's the girls sturdily refused to tell what had happened behind the portieres when Mrs. Daring made her unexpected call there.

"No," said Mary decidedly, "she didn't give us away to her gang, and we won't give her away to ours; but she is a thoroughbred."

MAJOR MAX STORIES.

THE PARSON'S PUNCH.

“NOW that Bob Billings is stationed here in New York harbor, I suppose he’ll be in Mrs. Jack Daring’s box every night of the opera, except on the repeat nights, when she gives her box to her poor relations, and on those nights I suppose we’ll be favored with a call.”

Mrs. Max did not put this in the form of a question, yet she evidently expected a response from the Major, for, after a minute’s silence, she said:

“Why don’t you answer?”

“I am only,” said the Major,

“Mute at every word you utter,
Servant to your least frill flutter,
Belle marquise!
As you sit there growing prouder,
And your ringed hands glance and go,

I was wondering whether you had made up your mind that Mrs. Jack, Col. Bob, or Mrs. Jack’s poor relations would favor us with calls on the repeat nights at the opera.”

The Major concluded by regarding his wife with great gravity.

Mrs. Max looked at the Major with almost anxiety for a moment, and then said suddenly, with an air of relief:

“Oh, it’s because you begged off from dressing for dinner that you talk that way; I have noticed that you quote poetry only on the nights that you beg off from dressing for dinner. Now, I suppose Mrs. Jack would think of something clever to say about that. She always says clever things about things when they happen, which I don’t think is very good form.”

“Mrs. Jack might say, I suppose,” said the Major, thoughtfully, “that the mood which prompts a married man to beg out of a dress suit is a premonition of his dropping into poetry.”

“No, Major,” answered Mrs. Max promptly, “for that is a rather pretty remark, or, what do you say?—sentimental, isn’t it? She does say the most dreadful things. When I told her to-day they had taken out all the boxes from the floor of the Metropolitan Opera-House she said she supposed that was done so that the people on the floor would not have their music mixed with box-holders’ gossip.”

“I dare say,” said the Major, “that it was a

hardship to the people on the floor to have their attention to the boxholders' gossip distracted by the interruptions of Gounod and Wagner. But I have diverted the pleasing current of your thoughts from the intentions of Master Bob Billings as to Mrs. Jack's box; what of those?"

"I never said," answered Mrs. Max, "that Bob Billings had any intentions; I was speaking of Mrs. Jack's intentions, and they are the same for the opera season as they were during the Horse Show. Of course there was an excuse during the Horse Show, for there her husband was out of the box, riding or judging or driving, so she had to have some man to depend upon; but what excuse she's going to make every night of the opera I'm sure!"

"She might make the same character of excuse," said the Major dryly, "by putting her husband in the chorus. Jack would not look very well in the chorus, but then his example would make that diversion popular with men of his class, which would at once redound to the credit and renown of the management, and give interest to the performance for those whose ears are untuned to sweet melodies."

Mrs. Max giggled a little at this, and the Major took this to indicate a propitious moment to sug-

gest that she brew him a Scotch punch. The Major was in slippers and smoking-jacket, and there is much to be said in favor of hot Scotch when one is in slippers and smoking-jacket—and at other times. There are those who contend that Scotch whiskey should be mixed with cold water only, which is true in respect that all whiskey should be mixed with some kind of water, but in respect that it argues in favor of a cold rather than a hot Scotch, it is naught to those who have drunk a hot Scotch punch as compounded by Mrs. Max. There is something extremely pretty in her manner and methods of compounding a hot punch.

In that delightful occupation she proves how true it is that the artistic and domestic temperaments may be fully developed in one person. Could you see with what grace and daintiness she arranges her polished glass and silver; how, while the water is heating in the burnished brass kettle, she measures, with thoughtful brow, the exact quantity of sugar, clove, and lemon peel, whose rightful proportions enrich and perfume the perfected brew, then you would appreciate the expectant silence in which the Major and the setter dog watched with closely following eyes each of her dainty movements, until the filled and steaming

glasses announced the adequate end of these exquisite means.

The Major lifted his punch to his lips, and, finding it a little too hot, put it to the setter's nose, and that calm animal, finding it much too hot, retired in offended dignity to the hearth-rug.

"A hot Scotch," said the Major, between tentative sips, "always reminds me of the time I was guilty of compounding a felony."

"Heavens, Major, a felony!" exclaimed Mrs. Max. "Isn't that something dreadful? Don't they cut them, or something?"

"People who commit them are cut sometimes by their friends if the felonies are found out, but mine was not," the Major answered, observing with amazement his wife's ability—he did not know it was a physical characteristic of her sex—to handle and drink a beverage too hot for the masculine sense of touch.

"It was in that Nez Perces campaign when Bob Billings and I, both lieutenants then, each had command of a small force following Chief Joseph across Idaho. Bob and I separated early in December, designing to meet in the latter part of the month, and we did so, I recollect, on the 23d. I distinctly recall our greetings. Mine was, 'Hello,

Billings; got anything to drink?' His was, curiously enough, 'Hello, Max, what have you got to drink?'

"Alas, my dear! Picture if you can our unhappy state: neither of us had a drop to drink—that is, not a drop of the article implied but not expressed in both our questions. Our little forces joined, as it happened, at a very good camping-ground; that is, there were wood and water and game and no Indians. We were in need of some supplies, and so decided to remain in that camp over Christmas, on the chance that the supplies might overtake us there. The day after we met was the day before Christmas, and all that day Bob and I bemoaned our fate that there was not in camp a drop of anything to aid the cheer of Christmas eve.

"I am, my dear, as you know—yes, that's right, you had better heat a little more water—a temperate man, yet notwithstanding that commendable attribute, I hold that there are certain festive occasions the full quality of whose spirit cannot be justly appreciated without that moderate increase in the fanciful phases of our faculties which vibrate in pleasing measure, in, I may say, a more redundant play, when the mind has been cleared of the cobwebs of care through the means of those

enlivening titillations by which the brain responds to the action of alcohol."

"Was there enough whiskey in that glass?"
Mrs. Max asked in an absorbed manner.

"It was perfect," said the Major.

"Then, why don't you go on?" said Mrs. Max, turning the extinguisher over the alcohol-lamp.
"I thought you were going to tell me about a felon you had."

"To be sure, sweet remembrance. I think I was saying that Bob and I felt in a pretty bad way because we had nothing wherewith to drink a Christmas eve cup to our far-away sweethearts and friends—his sweethearts and my friends.

"There was a sergeant in my command, a Yankee, the cleverest soldier I ever met. He was, in fact, though not so breveted, my lieutenant, adjutant, and commissary. He was nurse, tailor, and preacher for the other men, and while, even on our rough, scrambling mountain march, which dulls the keen edge of the ceremony of discipline in most soldiers, he never failed in the letter of ceremony, never omitted a salute, he also never failed to maintain a slightly superior and patronizing air toward me. The soldiers nicknamed him the 'parson,' because he preached at them so much.

Never did Jonathan Edwards promise deeper damnation to the Housatonic Indians than was predicted for my other men by the parson. He was especially severe upon them when they drank, and thereby encouraged their drinking when chance offered, because the men all loved the parson's temperance sermons.

“ Well, on that morning before Christmas my sergeant—his name, by the way, was Hiram Holbrook—heard much of Bob's and my lamentation over the fact that our Christmas eve must pass without the pleasure of a punch. I saw him about noon in deep earnest consultation with our civilian scout, a trapper who knew every foot of the mountains. The sergeant came to me after that consultation and asked for an afternoon's leave to go out deer-hunting. I saw him gallop away on his horse, and Bob and I had finished our Christmas eve dinner, and were renewing our lamentations over our punchless condition, when the sergeant came to our camp-fire and reported. When he had done so, instead of joining the other soldiers, he put a camp-kettle over our fire, and without a word of explanation proceeded to heat some water, during which process he produced from his overcoat pockets some lemons, sugar, and a bottle of whiskey, and therewith compounded a

punch the recipe for which I have taught you, my dear.

“Something in his manner prompted me not to question him. He left us after declining a proffered cupful of his own superior decoction, putting it from him with the information, imparted in his blessed Yankee twang, that it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.

“Ah, what a glorious Christmas eve that, then, became for Bob and me! The list of our friends who deserved to be toasted was exhausted before the parson's punch, and then we toasted the parson.

“Two days after that we camped near a lonely settler's cabin. The settler, an old Kentuckian, told me, in answer to my queries, that he had seen no Indians, but that some rustler must have strayed from the railroad and passed that way. He reckoned so, he said, because on the afternoon before Christmas some one had entered his cabin while he was away and stolen a bottle of whiskey and some lemons and sugar, which the settler had ridden fifty miles to obtain. When we were on the march again I said to the parson: ‘Sergeant, how far was our Christmas eve camp from that Kentuckian's cabin?’ The sergeant said that he guessed it was about twenty miles. ‘That's a pretty good mare you're riding, sergeant,’ I next

said. ‘We-el,’ he drawled slowly, “she’s been known to make forty miles of an afternoon in a case of emergency.’”

“What was the mare’s name?” asked Mrs. Max, sleepily.

NO ONE IN TOWN.

“DO you know, Major,” said Mrs. Max, “that I’ve just been thinking, and this is the first time I’ve ever been in town in August in my life, and it seems as strange as if we were in some foreign city. Why do you put two slices of cucumber-rind in that claret cup? The recipe says only one.”

“This is a quart cup,” answered the Major, seriously. “The recipe is evidently intended for the nursery.”

“There is actually no one in town,” continued Mrs. Max, “but I’m not half sorry I came down with you, for it’s lovely shopping.”

“Then the shop clerks are in town?” asked the Major, tasting the cup and finding it good.

“Why, of course; where should they be? I walked all the way down the Avenue this morning to Broadway, went into a dozen shops, and really I did not see a soul I knew. Really, the town is empty. It’s quite jolly, and when we go back I’m going to suggest to Mrs. Jack Daring that we give a town party.”

"So that your friends can share the novel experience of seeing how curious the town looks when it's empty?"

"Why, yes. Something like that, you know. Besides, it seems as if it would be rather kind of the dear old town to bring fifty or a hundred people here when it's so empty."

The Major drank some cup, lit a cigar, took up a paper, put it down, regarded Mrs. Max for some time over his glasses, and then said: "My dear, upon mature reflection, I do not think your town-party scheme can reasonably be placed within the category of New York's life's necessities, if your chief object in view is to overcome any tendencies you think you observe toward total depopulation."

"Now, Major, when you talk like that you have either seen somebody or something, or what in ever, I'm sure."

"You have made a very clever guess, Mrs. Max, as usual. I've seen somebody. When I'd finished at the lawyer's, there being, as you justly observed, nobody in town, I had not the heart to go to the club, so I went first to Cherry Hill——"

"Major!" interrupted Mrs. Max, "I did not know you had been out of the city to-day."

"I have not."

"Is there such a place in town—Cherry Hill?"

Pretty name, wonder I never heard of it," Mrs. Max remarked, not very much interested.

She rang for a servant, had the windows and blinds arranged to create a cooler draught, had all the lights put out except the Major's reading-lamp, had more magazines and papers put on his table, and more ice put in the pitcher. Possibly this was to make the Major more comfortable for his story-telling; possibly to make him so comfortable he would not tell it.

The Major waited until the silent servant had left the room, and then, smiling a little under his mustache, continued:

"I went first through the Cherry Hill district, then all about the Five Points——"

"But, Major, no one goes there. Five Points!"

"Very few, to be sure; but then, quite a number stay there. The people were so thickly crowded on the sidewalks, yes, and in the roadway, along Mulberry Bend——"

"What very pretty names they have!"

"Yes, the names are pretty—so crowded there that it was like the Avenue sidewalks on a parade day. They were not all in the streets, although there was not much room for more. Those who could not get out of the houses, too old or too weak to go out into the crowd, were gasping in the win-

dows or lying on the fire-escapes. They are picturesque, the Italians especially. The women are all bareheaded, many of them barefooted, and both men and women all have some bright bit of color in their dress. Their occupations are not so picturesque. They seem to be chiefly engaged in buying and selling combs with small teeth, very black bread, and very stale vegetables."

"How dreadful!" interrupted Mrs. Max. "Why don't they buy their vegetables before they are stale?"

"Madam, do not endeavor to entrap me into a discussion which points toward politico-domestic economics. I was merely a looker-on in Vienna, searching for artistic effects. I did, I confess, pursue one inquiry. I asked a police officer if many of the people thereabouts went out of town for the summer, and he assured me that there was no more work out of town than in, and that those people would not look for it if there was. He seemed to be an observing person. The children were quite picturesque there, more so than east of the Bowery, where I went later. The younger children each wore but one garment."

"Which one?"

"My merely masculine understanding cannot enlighten you on that point. Its proper or im-

proper name I do not know. It was shaped, generally, like a flour sack, diversified in style by various rents, frays, holes, and stains. The older children, yet under ten years, I should say, while all bare headed and footed, were generally possessed of more than one garment, and, like their elders, each wore some bright bit of color. On Mott street I saw a scene an artist might have used for a picture; and, indeed, some such street picture may be painted in New York when our artists learn, if they ever will, that they need not go to Europe for their subjects. On an old truck a little Italian girl and a mulatto girl were blowing soap-bubbles. On the street two little boys, a coal-black negro, a half-white Chinese, each using a bright-colored kite as a fan, were keeping those bubbles dancing in the air as long as possible. They were graceful in their jumping about, kneeling, lying down even, to keep themselves under the bubbles, and their more successful efforts were applauded by a lot of men and children, Italian, negro, and Chinese, picturesquely grouped about the spot. To be sure, the negro boy thrashed any of the other children who broke any of the bubbles, but that need not go on to the canvas."

The Major refilled his glass, thereby awakening

Mrs. Max from a graceful slumber, and then continued :

“ From there I crossed the Bowery, and went into Hester, Forsyth, and neighboring streets. There I was not so successful in my search for artistic effects. The children there would astound you, my dear, by their number. They were spread over the sidewalk as thick as sturgeon eggs over a caviar sandwich. There, too, the streets were so crowded that passage through them was difficult. I have recently read that in that district of New York there are two hundred thousand Jews. After my walk there to-day, I am prepared to credit the statement, and to believe that none of them are out of town for the summer.

“ There, also, a woman with any covering for her head would be as conspicuous as an unbonneted woman promenading the Avenue. Human beings there are so prevalent, they impress an outsider as being needless. They swarm. The mass is so dense, its motion so ceaseless, it gradually, to the eye, assumes the appearance of something not human; of something—are you awake, my dear?”

“ Certainly, Major. I heard every word you said. Talking about bonnets, were you not?”

“ Yes, I was remarking how rarely one sees a bonnet when there is no one in town.”

AT THE FRENCH BALL.

“I AM perfectly satisfied that Mrs. Jack Daring went to the French ball with Bob Billings, danced once across the floor, had a glass of wine, and danced out again,” said Mrs. Max to the Major, who was preparing a grape-fruit.

The Major regarded the lady in an absent-minded manner for a moment, and then remarked :

“The centre of the grape-fruit should be cut out with a sharp knife, thus at once removing all the seeds and the tough, fibrous core, and making a cup, into which you pour a glass of kimmel, thus. Then you add a plentiful supply of powdered sugar, and gently press the sides of the fruit backward and forward. That works the sugar and kimmel into the flesh of the fruit, where, mingling with the acid juice, they produce a liquor which is as refreshing as it is beneficial. Madam, yours is prepared. You made some observations concerning Mrs. Jack Daring. Has that amiable and amusing person eloped with Bob Billings,

or introduced the Strong Man at one of her afternoons?"

"I said," began Mrs. Max severely, and then stopped to take a spoonful of liquid from the cup of her grape fruit. When she had done so her manner was mollified: "I said I thought she was there, for I saw her maid in a plaid street dress just like the one described in the papers which was worn by a masked lady at the ball."

"And the man swallowed three crows," said the Major in a far-away voice.

"What in ever, Major, are you talking about? I said nothing about crows! Of course Mrs. Jack will tell me, for she always does, after a while; but it is so much more fun to know a thing when you don't know it, don't you know, than to know it, you know, when you do—er—you know what I mean, Major?"

"In pure intellectual activity my life is an alternating current of joy, determining things which you know that I should know, but which you do not tell me, my dear. As I understand the present puzzle, you desire to know whether or not Mrs. Jack and Bob were at the French ball, not because you want to know, but because you don't know. Am I blazing away accurately by the compass of intuitiveness?"

“ You are absurd, and I think the expression ‘blazing away’ must come from the army. What can Mrs. Jack have to do with a blaze?”

“ Two souls with but a single match,
Two hearts that blaze as one,”

murmured the Major.

Mrs. Max had a finger of each hand in her finger-bowl and was tracing the pattern on the doily beneath it, when she began laughing in a way so knowing that the setter, which had stolen into the breakfast-room, winked at the Major, as if to warn him to be on his guard. “ Would you think, Major,” she said, “ that it was very wicked of Mrs. Jack to go to that ball with Mr. Billings?”

“ To go to the ball, no; to go with Billings, yes. Decidedly yes.”

“ Why?” asked Mrs. Max in some alarm.

“ Well,” said the Major, thoughtfully, “ Bob is such a harum-scarum he would be sure to disclose his identity, and from this it would be an easy step to guess that of his companion. To go to the ball for a ten minutes’ lark I should consider no sin; to go with Bob would be the height of indiscretion.”

Mrs. Max stopped laughing and looked grave.

The Major looked solemn, and ordered the setter out of the room severely.

“Of course, Major,” she began in a voice of deep humility, “I intended—of course you know I meant to tell you that—that—I was only joking about Mrs. Jack, because of course you know I was only joking you see, and you know she wasn’t there—there at the ball, you know.”

“Pardon me, my dear, but you are mistaken. She was there—with me.”

“Major!”

“Yes. I knew she was the only woman in our set who had spirit of adventure enough for that sort of thing; so we went.”

“Oh! she’s the only woman in your set who had the spirit to go for a ten minutes’ lark, is she? Well, whose set do I belong to? I was there with Bob Billings.”

“Certainly, my dear, that is the way we arranged it. Now do not excite yourself. Mrs. Jack, Bob, and I planned the whole programme, and you’ve concluded it beautifully. Mrs. Jack told her husband she was going with Bob, and Jack asked why you and I did not go with them. Bob thought you wouldn’t go, and I bet him a dinner you would, and Mrs. Jack bet me a dinner

you would not confess until next week; so you've won both bets for me."

Mrs. Max was flaming now.

"Do you suppose I would go unless I knew it was a joke, and that you were going too?" she demanded.

"Certainly not, my dear. I told Mrs. Jack to tell you as a secret that I was going, so that you would go and I would win Bob's bet."

There was a long, thoughtful silence, which was broken at last by Mrs. Max saying:

"Major, Bob Billings was here yesterday."

"Of course he was, my dear. I told him Mrs. Jack had helped me win my bet from him, and suggested to him that he could square that account by urging you to confess this week instead of next, and thereby make Mrs. Jack lose her bet. Did he urge you?"

Mrs. Max stood up and made a speech.

"Major Max," she declared, "all men and Mrs. Jack Daring are wicked, deceitful things. Mrs. Jack called yesterday and urged me, just to carry out a joke, she said, not to tell you until next week that I was there. Then that miserable Bob Billings came and with tears in his voice begged me to confess to-day, saying he was conscience-stricken, and things, don't you know. Now, it

seems everybody knew everything about everything except that I knew only that it was all right for me to go because you were to be there. You are a set of villains, and I shall never speak to that horrible Billings nor Mrs. Jack again."

"Wait, my dear, until they've both paid their dinner bets."

Mrs. Max looked cross for nearly a minute, and then suddenly asked, with good-natured animation: "By the way, Major, what did Mrs. Jack wear at the ball?"

ANONYMÆ AT PYRAMID CITY.

“ I SHALL certainly expire of anxiety if Jack Daring does not come home, or Bob Billings doesn’t return to his regiment,” said Mrs. Max.

Mrs. Max indulges in tropical hyperbolification sometimes. It is the manner of some women of really calm temperament. She did not look at all as if she were about to die, nor even appear anxious. She was engaged in making the Major’s favorite celery-salad-dressing to accompany a canvas-back, and the Major was holding an anxious thumb on the dial of his watch to make sure that the duck was served on the minute of appointed time.

“ Anything new in the Billings-Daring affair?” asked the Major, not taking his eye from his thumb, which was following the minute-hand faithfully.

Mrs. Max added a dash of red pepper to the currant jelly stock of her dressing, and then tasted the result on a piece of celery before she answered:

“ What in ever Mrs. Jack Daring means by

going into a restaurant to lunch with Bob Billings and giving such a bizarre order, I'm sure!"

"The degree the proprieties were outraged by that performance," the Major said in a judicial voice, "depends upon what the order was."

"That is the very thing," exclaimed Mrs. Max, carefully drying the celery, and slicing it into the salad-bowl. "They ordered—it was her order; I have the story perfectly straight, for Fannie Courtlandt's groom was standing outside, and he told my maid—she ordered a bottle of dry champagne and a loaf of French bread, and that's all they ordered. That's very faddy, and that's why Mrs. Jack Daring did it."

Just then the duck arrived, and the serious business of carving off the two breast pieces clear of wing and leg, depositing each clean oval on a hot plate, and silvering the upturned crimson surface of each piece with a few drops of lemon-juice occupied the Major's entire attention for nearly a minute, and then he said:

"Of course a lunch of dry wine and French bread is potential of gossip, if not of scandal; but I'll tell you a little story which may suggest that it was Bob and not Mrs. Jack who was responsible for the menu which has met with your distinguished disapproval."

"When you talk like that," said Mrs. Max, when the Major stopped to take some duck, "I know you are going to tell a bad story. You always tell your bad stories in big words."

"Madam, you are inconsequential. This salad is excellent. I have mentioned before the stage trip Bob and I took one time through the Nevada desert when we were assigned to court-martial duty, at Fort Bidwell. On our return trip our stage broke down at Surprise Valley or Pyramid City. I remember, now, it was Pyramid City, for it only had one house, and Bob made a bad pun about having to peer amid the city a long time before finding another house."

"Well, in our stage were two women, *anonymæ*, who had deserted the failing fortunes of some mining-camp which had enriched them enough to warrant their return to civilization. One was young, neither was handsome nor attractive. Both wore diamonds and dresses that were grotesque in their finery seen in that forsaken, dusty desert. Pyramid City was a stage station—that is, a station for beast, but not for man. It was not an eating-station. One of those curious Nevada ranches near by, reclaimed from the sagebrush and watered by a little stream that ran into Pyramid Lake, supplied food for the stock, but no

one supplied food for the human inhabitants—three stablemen and a Chinese cook. His association with those stablemen had spoiled that Chinaman, for he was as dirty and lazy as they, and whatever ability he had ever possessed as a cook had perished from lack of exercise. He provided for us, and joined us at the table for its discussion, a breakfast of ham, potatoes, and bread. The ham was salted leather, the potatoes larded wax, and the bread was greasy putty. The lunch offered was the same. We did not eat. We hoped for dinner; it was the same. We could not eat. Those poor women could eat no more than we. We spoke to them at lunch. I adopted Bob's attitude toward them. It not only saved the situation for us, but also for them. The stablemen were deceived by our assumption of respectful consideration, and supposed the women must be something different from what they appeared.

“You are looking at me wonderingly, madam. I wonder at it myself sometimes, but it has not yet occurred to me to regret that I once treated two unfortunate women for a couple of days as my social equals. The women appreciated it, too, and that's what I am going to tell you about.

“We had eaten nothing all day, and after the dinner hour Bob and I were seriously discussing

a tramp to the next station, fifteen miles, but were rather discouraged by the reflection that we should not find a very much improved cuisine there. As we were talking this over, wandering up and down the dusty road, the women came to us. The younger one told us in broken French that she had discovered back of the house an earthen oven, in which she could bake some good bread if we could induce the Chinaman to let her have what she needed from his stores. Of course we soon made arrangements with the cook, and in half an hour the two women and Bob and I were down by the oven, all at work under the direction of that girl. She got a tub, which she called her *pétrin*, which we carried half a mile to the creek and scoured with sand and water. Then she mixed her dough of flour, water, salt, and yeast, scolding a little because she had to use a yeast-cake instead of malt yeast. When we saw that she was making dough enough in her *pétrin* to feed a regiment, and asked why, she laughed and said she did not know how to make less; that was the quantity she used to make once a week at home in France. Then she told us to get wood and build a fire in and about the oven.

“When she had her dough made, she covered it in the tub with a flannel which she got from her

valise. Then she took charge of the fire, for that had to be just so big and no bigger all the time. In an hour she was at the dough again, stretching it out and throwing back the ends as you've seen them pull molasses candy in the shops. It was what she called '*pétrin le pain.*' She was clever and patient at it. Bob and I each tried it, but it tired out wrists in a minute. Then the dough was covered with the flannel again and the *pétrin* with boards. She went through with this performance three times at intervals of an hour; the bread would not be right unless she did so, she said.

"The other woman produced from her valise three bottles of good champagne. I took my hat off to her when I saw the brand. She told us how to cool the bottles. We covered them with cloths, tied them with strings to branches of a cottonwood tree leaning over the creek, and bent the branches down and soused the bottles in the water. Bob and I took turns for hours sousing and swinging those bottles. Before the bread had got its last treatment we were told to rake the fire off and out of the oven, and our breadmaker inspected and cleaned out that oven in a very knowing way. Then she made as many long loaves as the bottom of the oven would hold, and told us that in an hour

our supper would be ready. It turned out to be breakfast, for

"The first baby peaks were peeping
From under their bedclothes of snow"

on the Sierras to the west of us before that bread was baked. In the mean time the other woman had spread a cloth down on the dry sand by the creek, had scoured up the Chinaman's sorry table-service, and had even made a show of table decoration with the youngest shoots from the cottonwood twigs. Those same baby peaks were golden lances when we sat down to breakfast, for the sun had come up out of the eastern desert to burn again the land that had not yet revived from yesterday's scorching. Well, that was our breakfast—bottles of cold wine, and loaves of such French bread as I have never eaten before nor since.

"You know how courtly Bob can be when he wants to produce a correct impression upon a careful mother. That was his manner, and I patterned mine upon his as we broke bread and poured wine for those women and talked to them, not of their lives, but of ours, and of the best in ours."

The Major stopped. He had told a longer story than he usually does, and Mrs. Max did not comment at once. She walked around behind him,

pulled his head back by his grizzled mustache, and kissed him.

“That’s for you,” she said; “and as for Bob Billings, invite him to dinner to-morrow.”

WHAT THE PARROT SAID.

MRS. MAX was making their Sunday morning coffee. That is a little convention, it may almost be called a function, that Mrs. Max never fails to observe on Sunday morning.

One time, soon after they were married, the Major had said to her, and possibly forgot the saying the next minute, that he had fallen in love with her first when he had seen her making her father's Sunday morning coffee. Wives remember those sayings, and husbands are sometimes surprised by having them recalled years after they have forgotten them. That's one of the differences in the sexes.

Any way, the excellent coffee that the cook makes is never served on Sunday morning.

The Major was watching the operation, as he has watched it some hundreds of Sunday mornings, and not quite understanding just why Mrs. Max did all the various little things she does with that tin French coffee-pot she uses. Although the coffee pot is scalded each Sunday before it is put

away for its week's rest, Mrs. Max always rinses it with scalding water again before using it. It is one of the kind that has an inner cylinder with a perforated bottom, and in that cylinder a piston with a perforated disc on its lower end. Mrs. Max does not put the coffee on top of this disc, but directly in the bottom of the cylinder, and uses the disc like a ramrod to pack the coffee down hard.

"Because," Mrs. Max explained, "the harder you pack the coffee the longer it takes the water to seep through; and the slower the water is in seeping through, the stronger the coffee is."

Having the coffee nicely packed, Mrs. Max lifts her kettle of boiling water from the spirit lamp and fills up the cylinder, watching the coffee swell to the top with critical eye. Then the coffee is packed down again and more boiling water poured over it, and the extract that she makes by these interesting proceedings is so strong that you must have a proportion of one-quarter coffee and three-quarters boiling milk to the cup if you expect to sleep at all that week. And, by the way, the cup of coffee she serves is so hot that it will stand a little cream without being too much depressed in temperature.

It was after she had added the cream to the

Major's cup and observed his silent satisfaction at the result that she remarked:

"The trouble with Mrs. Jack Daring is that she talks too much."

"That is the remark the parrot made about himself after his brief engagement with the setter dog," said the Major. "By the way, did I ever tell you that story?"

"You told me one story about a parrot, and not a dog, I think, but a monkey. If this is anything like that you needn't tell it," Mrs. Max replied, warningly.

"Well," said the Major thoughtfully, "while the stories are not just the same, they have an element in common which may be your very point of objection. I will give you the benefit of the possibility if you will enlighten me as to Mrs. Jack Daring's most recent offence in compromising loquacity."

"When you talk like that, Major," Mrs. Max said demurely, "I wonder that you have never finished your article on 'The Futility of a Live Indian.' That's just the kind of language people use in magazines."

"Madam," exclaimed the Major, "can you jest upon so serious a subject as my literary ambitions? Tell me, what has Mrs. Jack Daring said?"

“Why, she has been telling all over town about the scandal of that Philadelphia suburban tea,” began Mrs. Max. “You know she was down there last week, and——”

“Oh, that’s why I couldn’t find Bob Billings at the club last week!” interrupted the Major.

“Major Max, you are scandalous!” exclaimed his wife, but she smiled knowingly to herself, and allowed the Major to help her to some more finnan-haddie, béchamel, before she went on with her story.

“Well, it seems that some of the ladies in quite the smartest set in Philadelphia determined to give a suburban tea, like ours at Claremont, you know. They picked out a place which is pretty enough, but it turned out afterward, so Mrs. Jack says, that the place was very popular with men who drive out of town at night with women no one ever heard of, don’t you know? The men who were invited to the tea didn’t dare to tell the ladies who were getting it up what sort of a resort this was they were going to, because of course if they told, why, don’t you see, that would prove that they knew, and how in ever were they going to explain how they knew? So the tea came off, and, Mrs. Jack says, a lot of the men were half afraid to go, but they did not dare to stay away because

they were afraid the women would find out what they were afraid of."

"Pardon me a moment, my dear," the Major cut in.

"Either I am more stupid than usual this morning, or else your story is a little bit complicated. See if I understand you: Some Philadelphia ladies, with a laudable ambition to have a suburban tea, made an unfortunate selection of a place to have it. Some Philadelphia men, acquainted with the real facts, remained silent, because to confess their knowledge would criminate them. They also knew there would be some—so far unexplained—danger in their going, and were afraid that if they stayed away they would admit their knowledge of the danger. Am I right?"

"I'm sure, Major," pouted Mrs. Max, "that's just what I said. But, of course, I've never been in Philadelphia, and so I only have Mrs. Jack Daring's word for it, and, besides, I said at the start that she talks too much. Well, they all went to the tea, and what in ever do you think? There was a horrid parrot there, and it knew a whole lot of those men's names, and, will you believe it, that parrot called out to ever so many of them, and asked them where a lot of woman were, don't you

know, women whose names the ladies had never heard, so Mrs. Jack says."

"Well," said the Major, after a thoughtful pause, "it appears that it was the parrot, and not Mrs. Jack, after all, who talked too d——"

"Major!" interrupted Mrs. Max, "let me fill your cup!"

A CELESTIAL STRIKE.

“NOW, Major, you must not praise the cook in her hearing,” Mrs. Max said. “You will only spoil her or make her demand an increase of wages.”

“Not much,” the Major replied emphatically. “I had a little experience in that matter which taught me a lesson. It was before we were married, my dear, and before I resigned. Our regiment was with General Howard, chasing the Nez Perces Indians across the mountains in Montana and Idaho. One of our lieutenants had been stationed at the Presidio in San Francisco, and the mess made arrangements with him to bring a Chinese cook. My, how that cook could cook! The beggar brought along, in some mysterious manner, the most unexpected things. I remember one day—we’d had a venison roast the day before—that adorable celestial gave us a venison stew with pickled walnuts! All the officers in the mess appreciated this, but, bless me! how they jumped on me when I said to the cook: ‘Plenty good

stew, Chung, plenty good.' All said I was a fool."

"Major! How could they?" said Mrs. Max.

"Oh, that's only messroom talk. Everybody calls everybody a fool at a mess dinner. Well, as I was saying, all the boys said Chung would strike for higher wages, get impudent or haughty, and leave if we praised him. So they laid out a scheme. Whenever he brought in a particularly good dish, we were to turn up our noses and make mean remarks. That would keep Chung in a proper and lowly spirit, and generally promote harmony and discipline. The next day he gave us some mountain quail roasted in envelopes of bacon; and, really, my dear, I wish your cook could roast a quail like that. The boys all said 'ugh!' or 'pish!' or 'tush!' and the last one threatened to throw the dish away. Chung regarded that with calm exterior, but after dinner he appeared, swaddled in every one of his jackets, and bade us good-by. We were nearly frightened to death and asked what ailed him.

"'You no like my cooking, me no cook,' that heathen answered.

"We assured him we would try and stand it, and he grinned and said we could stand it for just ten 'dolla' more per lunar month. Of course we



"YOU NO LIKE MY COOKING, ME NO COOK," THAT HEATHEN ANSWERED."

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felt silly, but there was nothing to do but pay it to him. That made \$70 a month. They were the biggest lot of fool officers I ever saw, for they insisted on their scheme. One day Chung brought in a tenderloin of mule——”

“Mule? Major!”

“Yes, we were down in the Bad Lands then, hundreds of miles from any settlement, and mule was pretty good. You never happened to eat a young mule, I suppose? Of course not. Well, he had seasoned that mule with a kind of little pepper he had found, and it was immense. Then those fool boys went through the same idiotic performance. The last one the dish was passed to turned his nose up to his eyebrows and said, ‘Oh, hell.’”

“Major!”

“I was not the man, my dear. Chung had watched the proceedings to the end silently, but when the remark I have quoted was made Chung turned on his heel and he, too, said——”

“Major?”

“No, not ‘Major’, but the word you object to. After dinner he appeared again all dressed up in his Sunday clothes and bade us good-by. We remonstrated, but it did not work. We threatened, and he pretended not to understand. Finally we asked him how much.

“‘One hundred dolla month,’ answered Chung, with never a ghost of a smile.

“We paid it. Since then I’ve believed a little praise to the cook, judiciously administered, approaches G in domestic economy.”

“I’m sure,” Mrs. Max remarked, after a thoughtful observation of her finger-nails, which are very pretty, “I’m sure I don’t see why you didn’t advertise for another cook.”

HOW TO BE ESTEEMED, THOUGH WITTY.

“WHEN our regiment was stationed in San Francisco, some years before I resigned to assume the slightly impersonal though altogether comfortable character of the husband of Mrs. Max, I knew a fellow out there named Arthur McEwen, who wrote things.”

The Major paused to give his undivided attention to a sandwich he had constructed of half a walnut and an almond, interlaid with a plump raisin. It is a kind of sandwich which goes very well with burgundy, and the Major was drinking burgundy.

“Has he, that man you speak of, come to New York?” asked Mrs. Max, with slightly anxious brow.

Some of the Major’s Western friends are a trial to his wife, for she finds difficulty in adjusting her placid ideas to the degree of breeziness she observes in their view of things.

“No,” answered the Major. “McEwen, I regret to say, is not here. But I was reminded of

him to-day by a talk I had with a Western artist. Mac, you know—I think I have mentioned it to you—is the author of that charming book, now out of print, ‘How to be Esteemed, Though Witty.’ What recalled him to mind to-day was a remark made by my Western artist, that he proposed to write a book entitled ‘How to be Appreciated, Though Western.’ ”

Mrs. Max was silent for some time, holding her glass of wine against the light, so that it reflected a dancing ruby on her bare arm, before she announced seriously :

“ I do not think your friend, the writer, could have been in earnest, for he must have known that really nice people never are witty. Perhaps he was only joking; so many of those Western people seem to be jokers, though whatever they do that for, I’m sure!”

“ You may be right, my dear,” said the Major, judicially, “ although I am not so sure as you are. Perhaps McEwen holds the theory that wit is not an accomplishment, but a failing. He may have been actuated in writing his book by the exalted though seemingly hopeless purpose of the distinguished author of that recent work, ‘How to be Healthy, Though Sick.’ But you never can tell about those Westerners.”

"I should think not!" exclaimed Mrs. Max decidedly. "There is that Bob Billings. He does say the most foolish things sometimes. He told Mrs. Jack Daring the other day that he expected to be ordered back soon to his regiment on the frontier, although he hoped to have been assigned to some nice duty here or in Washington. His only chance now, he said, was in getting interviewed in the papers about his change in politics. Mrs. Jack asked him what the change was, and he said he had become a Republican as a forlorn hope. The idea of as well-bred a man as Mr. Billings being a Republican! Why, his sister is one of the best dressed women in our set."

"What you say," remarked the Major, crushing a walnut into a flat mass with the nutcracker, "proves that Bob has been out West too long to retain that degree of respect for political phenomena which should always mark the officer and gentleman who longs for soft assignments. I shall send Bob my copy of 'How to be Esteemed, Though Witty.'"

"Do you know," said Mrs. Max, in a tone which she adopts to denote her opinion that the Major is talking unenlightened stuff, "do you know that Bob Billings needs only a wife to make him a very acceptable man."

“But would he not prove himself acceptable if he proved that he could get a wife?”

“I’m sure I don’t see how. Bachelors of his age can never be popular with more than one woman at a time. Nobody wants always to be meeting a man who is likely to be very much in love with some other woman.”

“If I rightly follow all the subtleties of your reasonings, madam, an unmarried man is pretty sure to be in love with some woman, and a married man is pretty sure not to be.”

“Why, of course. That’s what makes the unmarried ones not nice.”

“Yet it has been said that all the world loves a lover.”

“Well, who ever said that meant a young lover? They don’t count, don’t you see?”

“I am slowly beginning to see. It is because Bob has reached an age when he does count as a lover, that, if he is sensible of the advantages of being popular, he should forthwith put himself out of danger of being in love by getting married.”

Mrs. Max allowed the Major to fill her glass, and thoughtfully sipped her burgundy before she answered:

“That’s not exactly it, Major; and I don’t suppose that you could exactly understand, being only

a man. Society is made and managed by married women. They want the men they see the most of in society to be free to admire any of them more than a man in love with some one else could, don't you see? How could a man who is not married do that and still be nice, don't you know? It's very stupid of you not to see what I mean."

"But I am merely a man. However, is it like this? Bob—I used this name as he is the horrible example—being a bachelor, and past the age when he can be loved by all the world merely for being in love, is in danger of becoming socially objectionable because he cannot adopt that catholicity of affection which, to my infinite delight, you assure me society approves in a married man."

"I never said anything about affection, Major. Nobody wants anybody's affection except his wife. All anybody wants is that the men she meets shall be just as free to admire her as anybody else. And he must understand the kind of admiration that is wanted. A married man knows that: it's about all they do learn by getting married, and it's little enough sacrifice to make for the sake of being endurable, I'm sure."

"At last, madam, a great light breaks in upon my masculine understanding. Matrimony, as you have so lucidly explained, is the process of refining

an education which develops man from a puny plant, dwarfed and stunted by the chill air and meagre soil of bachelorhood into a hundred-leaved rose that sheds the favor of its perfume, and the sweetness and light of its full-bloom culture, upon all who come within the circle of its radiance."

"Burgundy always makes you talk nonsense, Major. What I mean is that, if Mrs. Jack Darling would only leave Bob Billings alone, I could marry him off inside of a year to a girl who has money enough for him to retire from the army on. Then one could invite him to dinner without the danger of having to listen to a lot of ravings about Mrs. Jack's doings."

THE NEW EDITOR.

THE NEW EDITOR.

THE mining-camp editor is either highly esteemed by the community in which he lives, or else is its most despised member. He can occupy no inconspicuous middle ground, unelated by the love or undepressed by the scorn of his fellows. He must rank high or low; he must share the distinguished regard of the camp with the proprietor of the most popular faro bank, the most daring stage-driver, and the gentleman to whose credit the greatest number of fatal shooting affairs have been recorded, or else he is degraded in the estimation of the camp to the level of the check guerrilla, the unsuccessful claim-jumper, and the Chinese laundryman.

It would be a difficult task to explain to an effete community what causes go to produce either of these results. Even those editors who have been the subjects of mining-camp likes and dislikes have not all been able to explain the phenomena satisfactorily. Of course such causes as a disinclination to drink every time one is asked, a lack of editorial vigor in abusing neighboring camps and in extolling his own, or a disposition

to condemn the sprightly spirits of his camp when its manifestation has taken the form of a small-sized street battle—such causes, manifestly, are too obvious to require any explanation as to the offending editor's unpopularity. So, too, nothing need be said in explaining the popularity of an editor whose controversy with a neighboring contemporary has resulted in a shooting affair, or whose influence with a Congressman has secured the building of United States post-roads, which are never thereafter used except by ore and other freight wagons between mines and mills.

But there were many instances of popularity and disesteem of Nevada mining-camp editors which remained hidden mysteries not only to the friends of the editors, but to the editors themselves. In one instance, and this was my own experience, the cause was never fully understood but by two persons, myself and one other; and, except that the one other has recently encountered the disadvantage of non-existence, the secret would yet remain unexplained. This was the understanding: "If you hear tell of me passing in my checks, then you can write a piece about it. If you write a piece about it before then—why, what I said goes."

That was the agreement as stated by Long Bill,

as honest a gambler as ever turned a card in Nevada.

I kept my part of the agreement, when to have broken it would have settled one of the most acrimonious disputes that ever enlivened the pages of the Nevada press. How I achieved my popularity was a question which distracted, almost to the point of insanity, nearly every editorial mind in the State; and in the discussion of the question I had a more illuminating opportunity to see myself as others saw me than I really cared for. Reading the exchanges was one of the least cheerful of my duties those days. Some of the papers even went so far as to deny the fact, and endeavored to rob me of my glory by diverting the controversy from the question as to how my popularity had been achieved, through raising doubts, as I have said, as to the facts. I recall that Sam Davis, of the Carson *Appeal*, was one of those who came to scoff. He asserted that the thing was preposterous, because he had heard from my camp that I had employed a miner's widow to make some table napkins for me which I kept, and used, at the restaurant. Then there was Arthur McEwen, of the Gold Hill *News*. He supported Davis' charge with the assertion that the fact was known that I had my clothes made at the Bay (San Francisco), a

circumstance too damaging to be offset by any editor except one with ordinary intelligence. Therefore, he maintained, the reports of my popularity "must be malignant lies, born of a tender-foot conceit, and nurtured by the pitiful pride of a perennial popinjay."

I mention this discussion not in the spirit of exultation, now that my day of vindication has come, for the fact was generally admitted at the time, and I believe has since been acknowledged even by my detractors. I merely wish to show, by what I have thus far written, that the incident was of no mere local importance but excited a State-wide controversy; and that I am therefore now justified, not only in asserting the fact, but in explaining, at this first honorable opportunity, the mystery which has surrounded it.

Late one afternoon the members of the staff of the Virginia City, Nevada, *Chronicle* were all seated in breathless silence in the editorial room, for the paper had just been printed and each man was engaged in that most fascinating occupation in life, reading in type the "stuff" he had just written. When attention had become listless, when we began reading what the others had written, the silence was broken by the editor, who remarked carelessly: "Oh, any one here

want to go to Bodie to take charge of a paper?"

He had received a letter from a man who had the reputation on the Pacific Coast of starting a newspaper in every camp he ever stopped in over night. That man had started a paper in Bodie, the youngest camp on the Coast, and had written to our editor for a young man to run it.

I wanted to go. I wanted to see a new mining-camp, and I went.

"You are inclined to be a little too personal in your stuff," the editor said to me as he bade me good-by. "Bear that in mind, and I guess you'll get along all right. If you get tired of the job, you can come back here—if you're still able-bodied."

Bodie is, or was, for I am not certain it still exists, on top of the Sierra Nevadas, within two or three miles of the Nevada State line; and about the same distance over the line, in Nevada, is the mining-camp of Aurora. The latter had been a big camp in the early sixties, had been totally deserted, and was revived by the discoveries in Bodie. In Aurora there were several brick buildings, and in one, which had been a court-house during the camp's first existence, was the plant of the Bodie paper, there not yet being newspaper accommodations in the California town. The pro-

jector of the paper thought he might as well utilize his plant to give Aurora a paper, too. So, after a twenty-four-hours stage-coach climb up the mountains from Carson to Aurora, I found that instead of being the editor of one, I was to be doubly exalted—twice crowned: the sole editor of two papers, both weekly, and representative of the sovereign interests of two States!

It had been raining and freezing during the last dozen miles of our journey, a dozen miles up a hill more nearly perpendicular than I had supposed was available for stage roads, and the driver and I had to be lifted from the top of the stage, for our clothing was as stiff as boards. When we had been helped into the principal camp saloon, in front of which the stage stopped, the driver jerked his arm at me, a motion which caused his coat-sleeve to crackle with sharp reports and send a shower of ice on the floor. It also directed general attention to me, and then he whispered hoarsely: “The new editor.”

Ah, the joy of that moment! It was supreme!

Several men who had been roasting themselves around a tall, pear-shaped, red-hot stove arose, bowed, and ceremoniously helped me off with my frozen coat, cap, woollen muffler, and the gunny-sacks wrapped round my boots.

The group around the faro-table turned from their play and regarded me with looks of friendly welcome, the dealer, lookout, and casekeeper nodding to me with dignity, tempered with kindness. The barkeeper solemnly pushed a bottle and glasses across the bar and said, with grave politeness: “On the house.” I revived myself “on the house,” and immediately thereafter committed my first error in that camp—a sin of omission.

“You should have asked the boys what would they have,” said Mr. Julius Faxon, the owner of the faro-bank, whom I did not meet at the time of my arrival, but who thereafter became my friend, philosopher, and guide.

“But,” I explained, “I did not have money enough to treat all the men in the place.”

Jule—I afterward learned to know and love him as “Jule”—regarded me with as near an approach to surprise as his austere countenance permitted, and said:

“That would have made no difference. It was the proper thing for you to do; the barkeep knowed it was the proper thing, and he’d a served the boys what they wanted even if he knowed you hadn’t a bean, and every last one of them had a ordered wine.”

To some extent the language of the Bay prevails

in the Coast mining camps, and in San Francisco “wine,” as a convivial order, means only champagne.

But I failed to do the proper thing; instead of asking the boys what they’d have, I asked the way to the newspaper office. It was but a little way up the road toward Last Chance Hill, and I easily found it, as it was in the only two-story brick building in the camp.

At that time I did not know what a vast difference it would make in my career there whether I became personally popular or otherwise. I was for several days wholly absorbed in the affairs of my two weekly papers. The written instructions left by the proprietor of the paper were, in my opinion, easily followed. They were to get out a spicy paper; to insert an advertisement of every person doing business in either camp, and charge what I thought “was right”; to print all the United States Land-Office and mining assessment notices sent to me by the land agents and mining secretaries, and leave it to those officials to determine the rate of payment, allowing them twenty per cent commission on what they paid; and, generally, to “whoop up” the camp. When, with the aid of the three printers, who were the only other persons employed on the papers, I had put

things in running order, and had mastered the mysteries of the Washington press on which we worked off our editions, I began to investigate the sources of local news. I found these to be in the express agent, the assayer, the mining superintendent, and Mr. Jule Faxon. I arranged with the stage company for a box-seat twice a week on the Bodie stage, and visited the new camp over the State line on Saturdays and Tuesdays for local news for the Bodie *Weekly*.

On my first trip over to Bodie a fellow-passenger on the box was Jule, whom I knew then neither by name nor by occupation. It was a glorious clear November day, and as we swung down the grade of the gorge and passed the big brick mill of the period of Aurora's former greatness which was being restored for renaissance service, we turned into the cañon whose walls, for hundreds of feet above the road, were steep steps of sombre granite supporting receding heights of gloomy, almost black, pine-covered peaks, and at last burst into one of those tiny, smiling, sun-washed valleys which must have been created on one of Nature's holidays, as a study in detail, while she was at work on the vast crags with which she finished that masterpiece, the Sierra Nevada. It must have been that my interest in

the view was too intense to make me aware, at the time, that none of the questions I carelessly asked my companions were answered, nor even noticed. This was brought to my attention by an incident which drew from me a specific question, which was answered; and then it occurred to me that it was the first reply I had received. As we were proceeding soberly along over the level bed of the little valley—a Sierra Nevada driver never hurries except on dangerous grades—we met another stage. That and ours stopped. The two drivers, after halting their teams, raised their muffled arms in a ceremonious salute, dropped them to their sides, produced each a flask, each drank, and nodded to the other as he did so, and both drove on. Not a word was exchanged.

“Who was that?” I asked our driver. I should not have cared had he not answered, for my mind was already busy composing a description of the view before me, and concerned only in a chase of contrasting terms which should suitably picture the black green of the pines in the cañon, and the light yellow greens of a clump of willows ahead of us growing near a pool already frozen around its puncturing grasses. But the action of the driver attracted my attention. My question seemed first to stupefy him. Then he turned toward me with

the heavy, effortful movement of a seal on land, regarded me a moment with painfully manifest disgust, and said slowly:

“Hank Monk.”

The name meant nothing to me, for I did not then recall the story about Horace Greoley’s mountain ride in Monk’s stage, and I proceeded with my composition. I was soon interrupted by my fellow-passenger, who, up to that time, had not spoken a word.

“You are the new editor?” he asked politely.

“I am,” I answered, glowing with pride.

We rode on for five minutes before he spoke again, and as he did so he pointed carefully to the clump of willows I had noticed.

“It was right over there,” he said in a judicial tone, sighting his index finger with an air of wanting to be exact, “it was right over there we killed the last one.”

For one chilly moment all the sun and joy went out of that valley for me, but I was revived by the thought of a witticism which might be worked into a very fair paragraph.

“Where,” I asked, forcing a smile, to indicate the joke, “where did you kill the one before him?”

I was mentally concluding the paragraph (I resolved not to waste it on one of my weeklies, but

to send it to the Bay), and had reached the line “thereupon the driver and my fellow passenger burst into roars of laughter, and passing me a bottle insisted—” when my blissful reverie was disturbed by Jule. He spoke again in a calm, impartial tone:

“The one afore the last we didn’t kill. He was shot, though, right over there.”

He pointed to a second clump of willows, which seemed to me distressingly like the first. Then I discovered another, and still more clumps, and, in fact, realized that any dainty little bit of landscape is utterly ruined by duplication. It was a commonplace little valley, after all. “He was shot,” continued Jule, who seemed to think I was thinking about what he said, “by a gentleman who never failed to kill before.”

“Nor since,” interrupted the driver, regarding Jule with admiration.

“If,” said Jule deprecatingly, “if the gentleman ain’t failed to kill since it ain’t for me to say. His failure that time was a disappointment to the camp, which in them days was likely to buck when it was disappointed.”

“But that editor,” continued Jule, “squared things most beautiful. In the occurrence his leg was shot off by the gentleman who asked him out.

Being as how he couldn't stand for a second shot, the camp therefore resolved in meeting assembled that the editor should preach a sermon over his leg. The remain was kept in ice, and when the editor was able to attend we had a funeral at which he preached a sermon over his late member, which sermon was subsequent thereto printed in a piece the Bay papers wrote about the occurrence."

It was what I heard on that stage ride to Bodie that vividly impressed me with the fact that there was something more than a sentimental consideration concerned in the question of my popularity. I thought upon the subject seriously, and felt greatly relieved when I heard from one of the printers that in the discussion over my merits which took place around Jule's faro-table that important person was inclined to be friendly to me—not friendly in a partisan sense, but as one who contended for a suspension of judgment. This was something; much, even, as I recalled those willow clumps.

"He's only a kid," Jule had urged when the camp expressed indignation at my not knowing Hank Monk. "He's only a kid yet, and like as not was in the East when Hank drove Horace Greeley; and while I don't deny that a man as

sets hisself up to be a editor and don't know Hank Monk is as bad as a prospector not knowing iron pyrites from flake gold, still he's got time to learn."

This helped. I saw it in the attitude toward me of the principal men in the camp. Sometimes the faro-dealers, off duty, would come to my office and report the movements of their fellows, whereof I made up a valuable department of "Personal Gossip"; the stage agent would supply me with a list of "Arrivals and Departures," and the superintendent of the Last Chance mine would call to give me some mining news and get a few exchanges. Still, I realized that these acts were prompted more by kindness than friendliness, and that I was still on debatable ground, with a willow clump on one side of me and perfect social equality on the other. It was at this stage of my experience that that unfortunate napkin incident occurred. A miner who had struck an unexploded dynamite cartridge with his pick and had been scattered up a shaft, had left a widow able to do plain sewing, a fact I had added to my report of the accident, at the suggestion of my friend Jule. As every man in camp had ordered some sewing done by the widow, and paid her in advance, her worldly condition had been vastly improved by

the cartridge accident; and as Jule took pains to point out that my notice in the paper had contributed to her prosperity, the accident had indirectly benefited me as much as the widow. My order to her had been for some table napkins. I had asked for one at the restaurant; but the waiter had informed me, in effect, that if the style of the house was not up to my requirements, I could starve, go back to the Bay, or go to another place equally, though less favorably, renowned for its climate. When the widow brought the napkins to me, I carried them to the restaurant, and reserving one for my use gave the others to the waiter, with a request that one be supplied to me at each meal. While I was dining Jule came in and seemed about to sit down at my table, but changed his mind as he saw me lift the napkin from my lap. He passed on then to another table, where he joined a party to whom the waiter had already made confidences which caused considerable excited discussion, and I gradually became conscious that I was its subject.

“ You hadn’t ought to done it,” Jule said after dinner, when he called on me in my office. “ I don’t speak from no ignorant prejudice agin the style,” he added, “ for when I go to the Bay I tuck my napkin under my chin along with the other

swells at the Maison Dorée and the Poodle Dog restaurants. But here the boys look at it like things wasn't good enough for you. When you're in Rome play the game as the Romans play it, and don't try and ring in no new rules, as Shakespeare says."

I abandoned the napkin from that moment, but I was made to feel that Jule was having a hard time fighting my battle, and that another serious offence on my part might end my term of probation with an unfavorable verdict.

It was only a few days later that the incident occurred which finally concluded with my victory. Jule owned a faro-bank in Bodie also, where a rival bank was run by a gentleman I never knew by any other name than Long Bill. The episode began when there came to Bodie a prosperous-looking, elderly man, accompanied by a young woman concerning whose beauty and style the most extravagant reports were current. These stories were all the more entertaining because of the uncertainty which characterized them. That is to say, the young woman was reported to be plump and fragile, dark and fair, dressed in blue and dressed in red, according, as it seemed to me, to the preferences in such matters of those who spread her fame. Few saw her. She, and the

elderly man who was said to be her uncle, arrived in Bodie from the California side, and at night. They went to the hotel, which occupied the one floor above Long Bill's faro-bank, and the lady seldom left her room.

Her uncle was much about the camp, and said he was looking for a likely mill site, something which every man in camp had to sell. Although the rest of the camp saw little or nothing of her, Long Bill, it was rumored, dined daily with the fair stranger and her uncle. One day both camps were thrown into such an excitement as had not shaken them since the bonanza was struck in the Standard mine: Long Bill and the fair stranger had eloped, had gone to Carson by private conveyance!

I hastened to Bodie to get the particulars, and held back the issue of the Bodie *Weekly* half a day to print the story. I wrote a good story. I felt when I was writing it that I was in the vein, and expected that the playful particulars I mentioned incidentally, such as Long Bill's artless unconventionality in neglecting to marry the lady before they started on a two-day journey, would do much to rehabilitate me in the estimation of even those who were most pronounced in their condemnation of the napkin incident. The story

included an interview with the enraged uncle, who had sworn to follow the couple to Carson and shoot Long Bill on sight, with my comment that this threat, if it reached the ears of "Attenuated William," might induce him to continue his wedding journey around the world.

I helped the printers swing the lever of our Washington press that night until we had run off not only the regular edition, but fifty extra copies, and then went to my bed to dream of to-morrow's triumphs.

The first man I met the next morning was one of Long Bill's faro-dealers, a pleasant, smooth-faced young man, who was just embarking on the stage for Carson. I noticed with pleasure that he had a copy of the *Weekly* in his hand. He regarded me, I thought, with a puzzled look as he said:

"I've just read your piece, and——"

"Rather peppery, eh?" I interrupted, trying not to look too much pleased.

His puzzled look increased, and he said after a moment's silence:

"Do you know Long Bill?"

"I never happened to meet him."

"I thought not," said the young man, softly. "I'll show him your piece when I get to Carson."

I attributed his lack of enthusiasm, or whatever it was his manner indicated, to the fact that he was an employee of Long Bill. But the situation failed to improve. A little group was standing in front of the express office, to whom the agent was reading my article aloud. He stopped as I approached, and they all regarded me with surprise, which seemed mixed with pity. The agent spoke to me:

“Do you know—that is, have you ever met Long Bill?” he asked.

“I never had that pleasure,” I answered, somewhat tartly, for, although the question may have been innocent enough, the manner of the speaker, and of the whole group, impressed me as offensive. I hurried down to the saloon. I had never till then felt the need of a stimulant before breakfast; I had that feeling then. Instead of the polite attention to my wants which the barkeeper usually gave me, he greeted me with a stare of undisguised wonder.

“Do you know Long Bill?” he gasped.

I left the place without answering, and hurried to the restaurant. The waiter, grinning, brought my dozen napkins and piled them on the table.

“I don’t want these,” I said severely.

"Better pack 'em off with you," he answered.
"They'll be useful for bandages."

"Bandages?"

"Cert. Don't you know Long Bill?"

I confess that, while my article had created more of a sensation than I had even hoped for, I was depressed. I wanted to see Jule. He was a professional rival of Long Bill, and that fact had prompted some of the most cutting witticisms in my article at Bill's expense. As I was walking slowly back to the office I started nervously when a hand was laid on my shoulder. It was Jule, and as I looked at him my heart sank; his face expressed pain and deep sympathy.

"I've been reading your piece, my boy," he said, sadly, "and the more I read it the more I couldn't make it out, no how, till I happened to think, as you're not an old-timer, maybe it was possible you didn't know Long Bill."

I felt, in spite of the seriousness of his tone, that Jule was still my friend, and that I could ask him certain particulars about Long Bill which I had come to realize, within the last hour, it was well for me to know, and that it would have been better for me to have known before I wrote my article.

"No," said Jule, reflectively, "there ain't nothing you can know that would do any good now.

Bill won't take no advantage of you; he never done that to any of 'em, for he never needed to."

He walked along in silence by my side until we reached the office door; there he shook hands with me sorrowfully, and said:

"If you think of it to-day you might write out a few things and give 'em to me."

"A few things? I don't understand," I said nervously.

"Why," explained Jule, and he seemed to be a bit embarrassed, "a few things you might like to have me, as your friend, know: the address of your folks back East, for instance. I won't mind the expense, for I'll always allow that you was a promising kid."

Then he left me.

The week that followed was one of torture to me. To be sure my treatment by the men in the camp grew no worse; in fact, such slight intercourse as they held with me was rather more kindly. But there were many things which worried me and seemed ominous. The exchanges from the near-by camps, which had stolen many of my brightest articles theretofore without credit, ignored the elopement story altogether, or else gave it only brief and polite mention, and invariably with credit. Even the great dailies printed

in Carson and Virginia City contained only guarded allusions to the incident, and in some of them I was quoted by name as authority for the facts. While I worked I kept a knife and a pistol in the open drawer of my desk. When I went abroad, these weapons were close to my feverish hand. I had obtained an accurate personal description of Long Bill which I imparted to my force of printers, and we planned that if he entered the office and became belligerent, we should make a united attack—I with my deadly weapons, the foreman with a mallet, and the other two printers with a side-stick and shooting-stick, tools of their trade.

The pursuit of journalism under such conditions cannot be made a brilliant success, as I sadly admitted when looking over the chastened pages of the following *Weekly*. It was while I was doing this that the young chap, Long Bill's dealer, who went to Carson with the fateful copy of the *Weekly*, entered the office and said to me politely:

“I seen Bill in Carson, and he asked me to stop in and tell you, with his compliments, that when he comes back he's going to cut your heart out.”

He bowed and retired.

Sooner than I expected, only two days after his ambassador, Bill arrived. I learned the story of



"ARE YOU THE EDITOR?" HE ASKED SOFTLY."—Page 343.

his approach to my office afterward, but it should be told here. He returned on the Carson stage, and was greeted at the saloon by a large crowd, for the news of his coming had reached the camp a few hours in advance of the stage by the driver of a private conveyance who had passed him at the foot of the grade. No allusion was made to the well understood object of his visit, nor to its cause, not even when the crowd accepted his invitation to the bar. There was a little professional gossip about affairs in Carson, and then Bill strode out of the saloon and toward my office, followed by a large delegation. They halted outside, at Jule's suggestion.

"We better stay here, boys," he said. "If it was any one but Bill, one or two of us might go in to see fair play."

Bill had almost reached my desk before I looked up, and even then I think I was attracted by the excited movements of the printers. There could be no doubt as to his identity: an unusually tall man, with loose, stooping shoulders, brown, close-cut hair, gray at the temples, a short gray and brown mustache, deep-set brown eyes, and with four distinct knife-scars on his face.

"Are you the editor?" he asked softly.

I confess that I tried several times before I managed to answer:

“I am!”

As I did so I moved my hand toward the open drawer of my desk. He saw the motion and I saw a quicker one made by his right hand which remained in the pocket of his overcoat.

“Don’t do that,” he said, very quietly. “I ain’t going to take no advantage of you, but of course I’ve got a cocked gun pointed at you in my pocket.”

My hand rested on the edge of the open drawer. I don’t think I could have moved it if I had tried.

“What I have to say to you is particular,” he resumed, “and if these gents here,” nodding toward the three pale but determined printers who were marshalled and armed according to our plan, “will step outside a minute I will feel obliged.”

At that moment I recalled what Jule had told me about Bill—that he would take no advantage of me—and the men went out at my request. Long Bill then stepped to my side and asked me to take his gun from his pocket. I did so and laid it on the desk. He then drew from an inside pocket a letter. He fumbled it from one hand to the other for some time in silence, then he looked at me a little curiously and smiled as he asked:

“I suppose you know Dusty Bob?”

I did not, and told him so; thinking at the same

time that what I seemed chiefly to lack was a more extended acquaintance with Nevada's notability.

Bill continued :

" Well, that's funny, for I supposed I was the only damned fool on the Coast who didn't know her. I've heard tell of her plenty of times these last five years, but it just happened that we never struck the same camp together. Dusty Bob is," he paused and smiled grimly—"well, I guess she's the slickest article in her game on the whole Slope."

" What is her game?" I asked.

" Playing suckers," answered Bill deliberately, and then he added sadly, " and who would ever think Long Bill would be played for such?"

A light was beginning to break in on my intelligence; but I had been taught discretion in affairs that concerned my visitor, and awaited developments in silence. He was silent, too, for some time, and then he handed me the letter, with the remark, " Read this." This is the letter I read :

DEAR WILLY :

By-by; I'm off for the Bay. I leave you one of your diamonds and enough money to return to Bodie with. I am sure you will feel that the generous allowance I have made myself is not too much for you to pay for the pleasant surprise of knowing that your little sweetheart is

DUSTY BOB.

P. S. It just strikes me that you can square

things with that editor man by agreeing not to cut his heart out if he will agree not to tell who the bride was in our "wedding journey." If you kill him, our story is sure to come out. D. B.

I folded the letter and returned it to its owner, and as he received it he said :

"Does the game go as it lays?"

"It goes!" I answered.

"If you hear tell of me passing in my checks, then you can write a piece about it. If you write a piece about it before then—why, what I said goes."

Long Bill and I shook hands.

"Will you join me," he said, "in a drink?"

I agreed, and we walked forth from my office, arm in arm.

The effect of our appearance thus upon the waiting crowd I can never describe. There was one quick exclamation of amazement, which was silenced when Bill said hospitably :

"Gentlemen, will you join me and my friend, the editor?"

There were no explanations, none were asked; but as we walked down the street I felt that my popularity was as firmly fixed in that camp as the broad foundations of its mighty mountains towering in everlasting serenity.

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